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*Snow White  
Part One*

Back to the main narrative then. The fall of my father, Bigby Wolf, started, appropriately enough, in the fall.

YOU DON'T MIND LENDING IT, BRIAR?

NOT AT ALL. IT'S IN A GOOD CAUSE.

# Riding in Cars with Gods

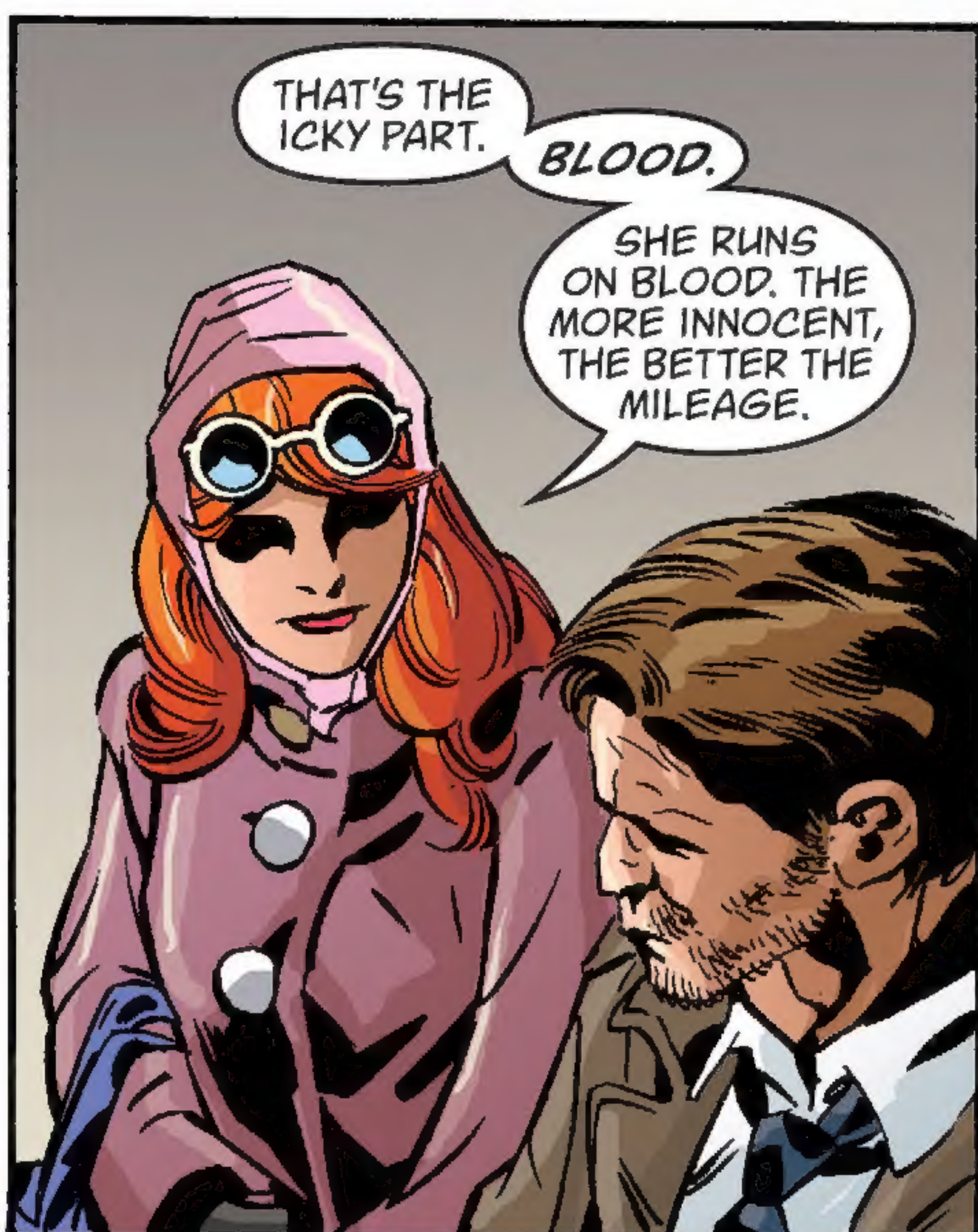
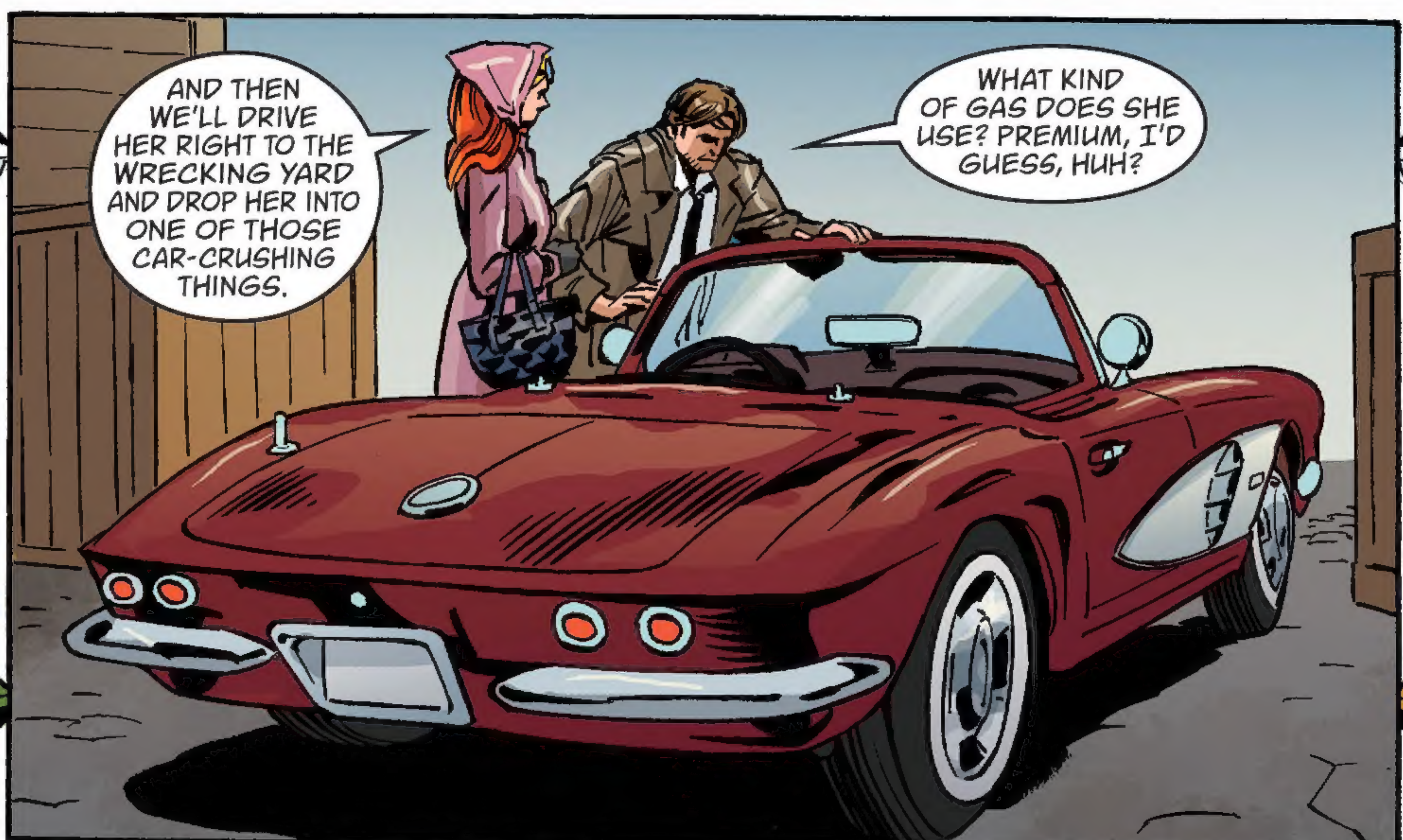
Chapter One of Snow White

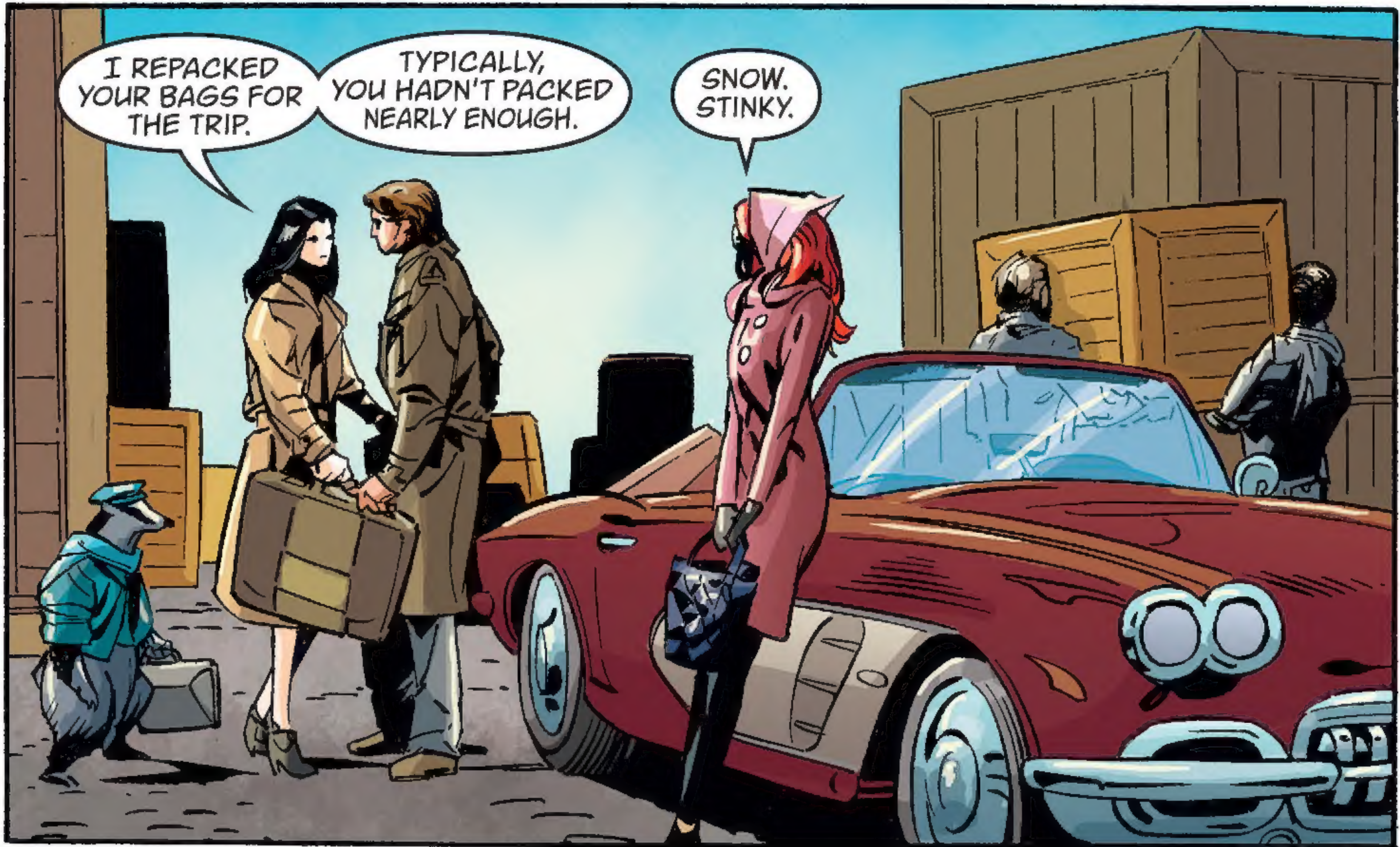
Bill Willingham: writer-creator  
Mark Buckingham: pencils  
Steve Leialoha: inks  
Lee Loughridge: colors  
Todd Klein: letters  
Gregory Lockard: asst. ed.  
Shelly Bond: editor

AND IT CAN GO ANYWHERE AT ALL? ANY WORLD?

AS WELL AS THE SPACES BETWEEN WORLDS. IT SEEMS TO CARRY ITS OWN ENVIRONMENT WITH IT.

More specifically, it started on the day Castle Dark was officially rechristened Fabletown — which also happened to be the terrifying day my dad finally learned how to drive.





I REPACKED YOUR BAGS FOR THE TRIP.

TYPICALLY, YOU HADN'T PACKED NEARLY ENOUGH.

SNOW. STINKY.



I'M NOT STINKY ANYMORE--UH--MEANING I'M NOT NAMED STINKY.

I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR A WHILE, BUT YOU NEED TO CATCH UP ON A LOT OF STUFF, MISSY ROSE.



BRIAR ROSE.

IT'S SO WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU MADE IT HOME, AT LONG LAST.

WELCOME BACK.



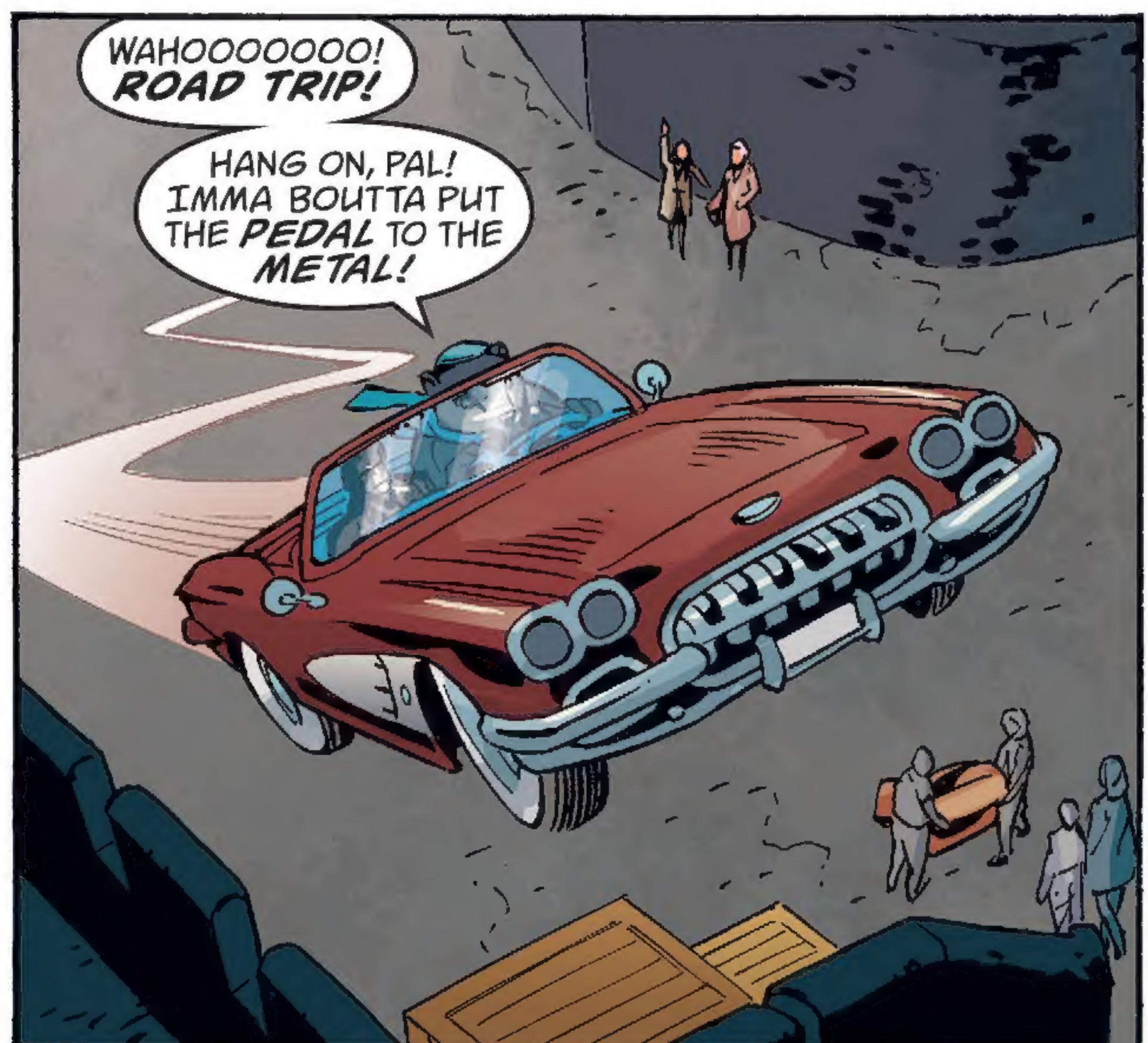
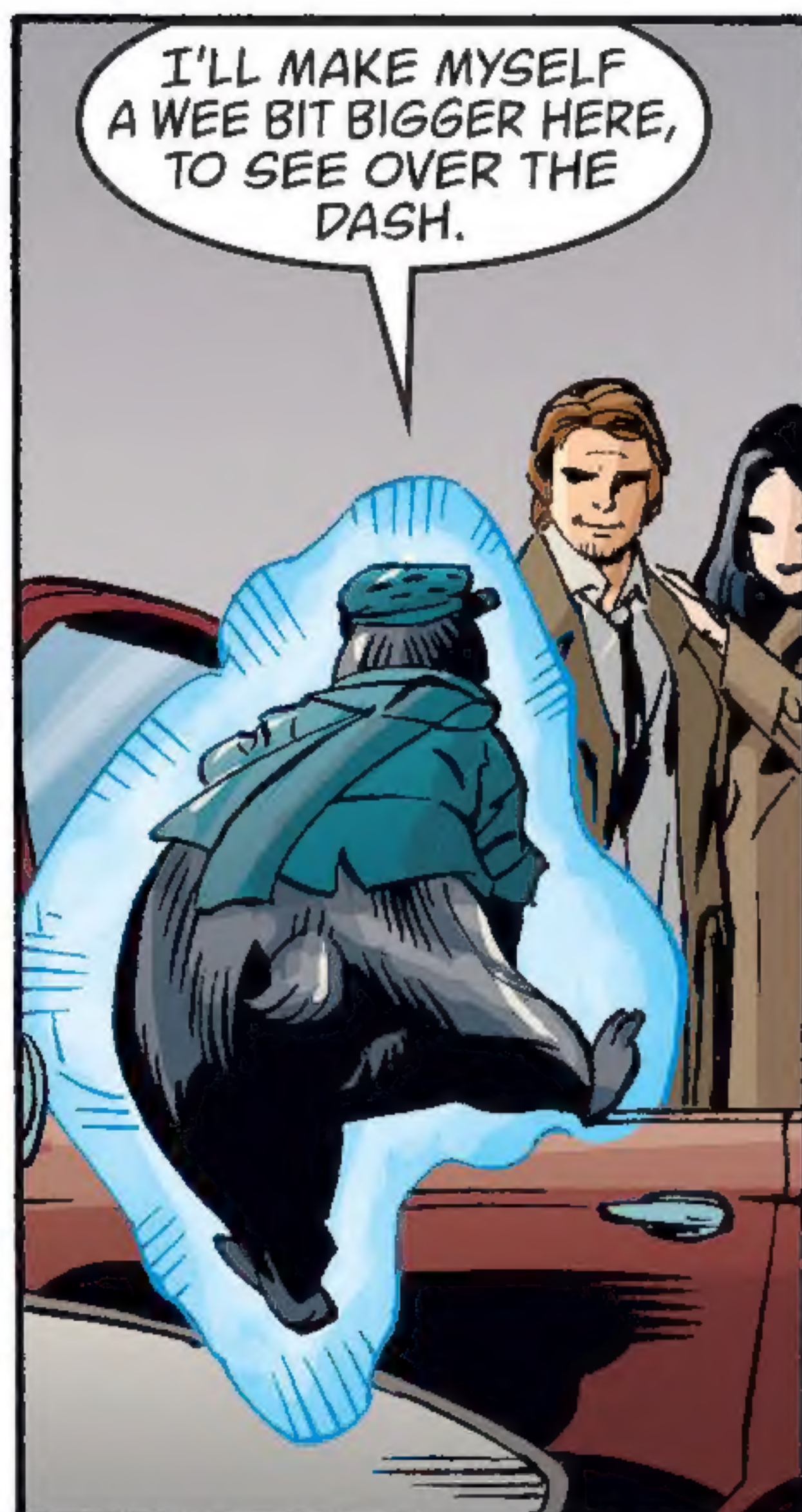
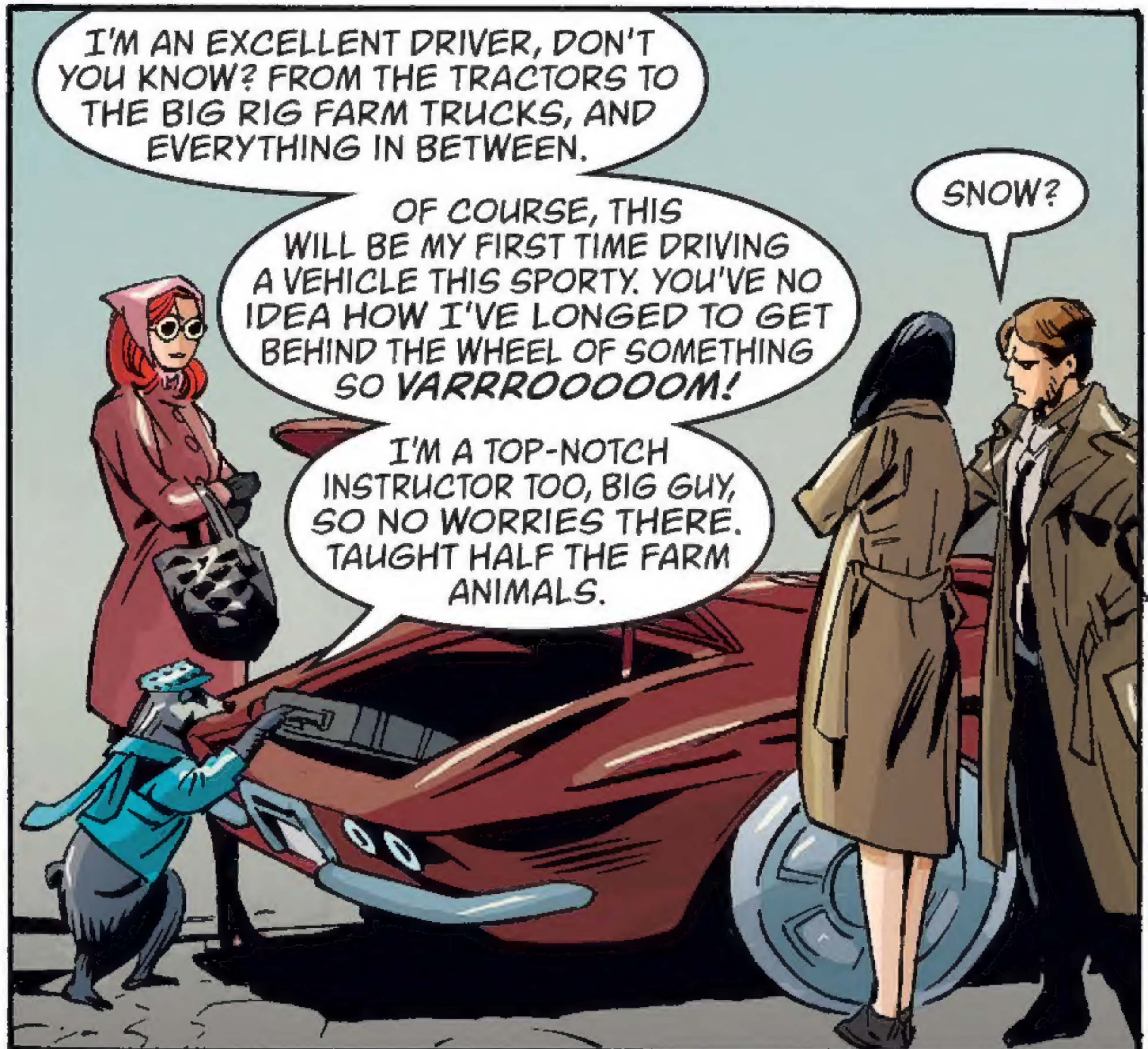
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR LETTING US USE YOUR MAGIC CAR TO SEARCH FOR OUR MISSING CHILDREN.

NOT AT ALL. AS I WAS TELLING BIGBY, IT'S WORTH IT TO HAVE A VERY BAD THING BEING USED TO DO SOMETHING SO VERY RIGHT.



IT'S YOURS FOR AS LONG AS YOU NEED IT.

WE SHOULD BE GOING SOON. SNOW, ANY LUCK ON FINDING A CO-DRIVER TO GO WITH ME?



*It was about the same time (though it's hard to pin down, since time runs differently in some of the worlds we know) that Beast's Blue Fairy problems were about to come due.*

TIME'S RUNNING OUT, SHERIFF.

I KNOW.



BY MY CALCULATIONS, SHE ARRIVES TOMORROW, OR THE NEXT DAY AT THE LATEST. AND GEPPETTO'S NOT WILLING TO SURRENDER TO HER.

I KNOW.

GOT A PLAN YET?

WORKING ON IT.



WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE READING? FAIRY LAW?

LOOKING FOR A PRECEDENT OR A LOOPHOLE--ANYTHING AT ALL THAT KEEPS HER FROM TAKING ME AWAY FOR SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS.



ANY LUCK?

ONE POSSIBILITY THAT HAS NO CHANCE OF WORKING.

SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



TRY IT ANYWAY.

DESPERATE TIMES CALL FOR DESPERATE MEASURES, RIGHT?



Briar Rose's magic car easily carried Brock and my father from one world to another, almost faster than my sister Winter could do the same trick.

ROAD TRIP RULES, RIGHT, BIGBY? NO TELLING TALES OF WHATEVER ADVENTURES AND SHENANIGANS WE GET INTO?

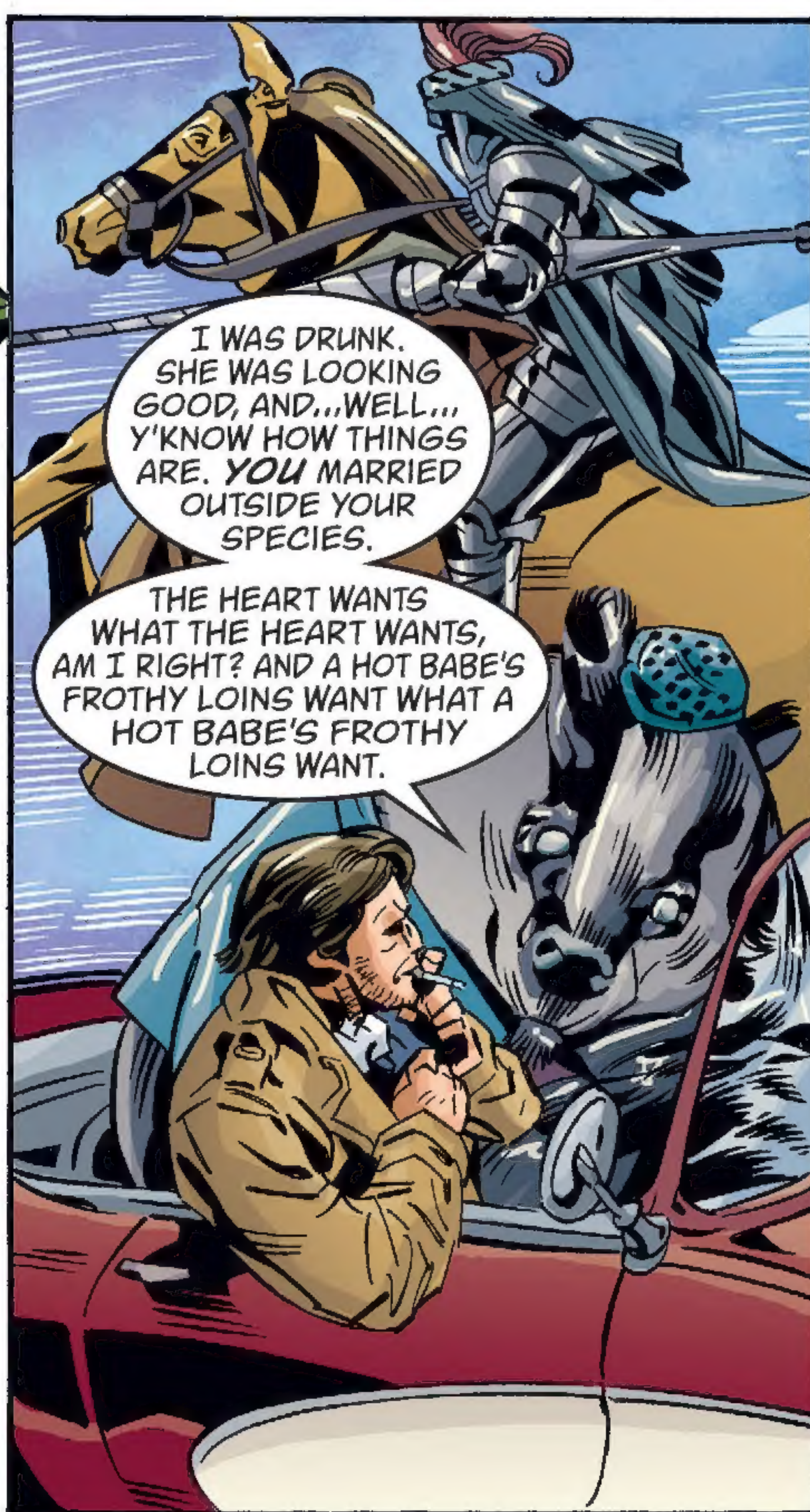
I'LL MAKE THE FIRST DEPOSIT INTO THE TRUST BANK BY ADMITTING SOMETHING YOU CAN NEVER REPEAT.



I DON'T MIND THE NAME STINKY. IN FACT I SORT OF LIKE IT. BUT A CHURCH LEADER NEEDS DIGNITY.

DO TELL.

AND HERE'S ANOTHER ADMISSION. I DIDN'T JUST ACCIDENTALLY FALL DOWN MISSY SKUNK'S HOLE THAT NIGHT.



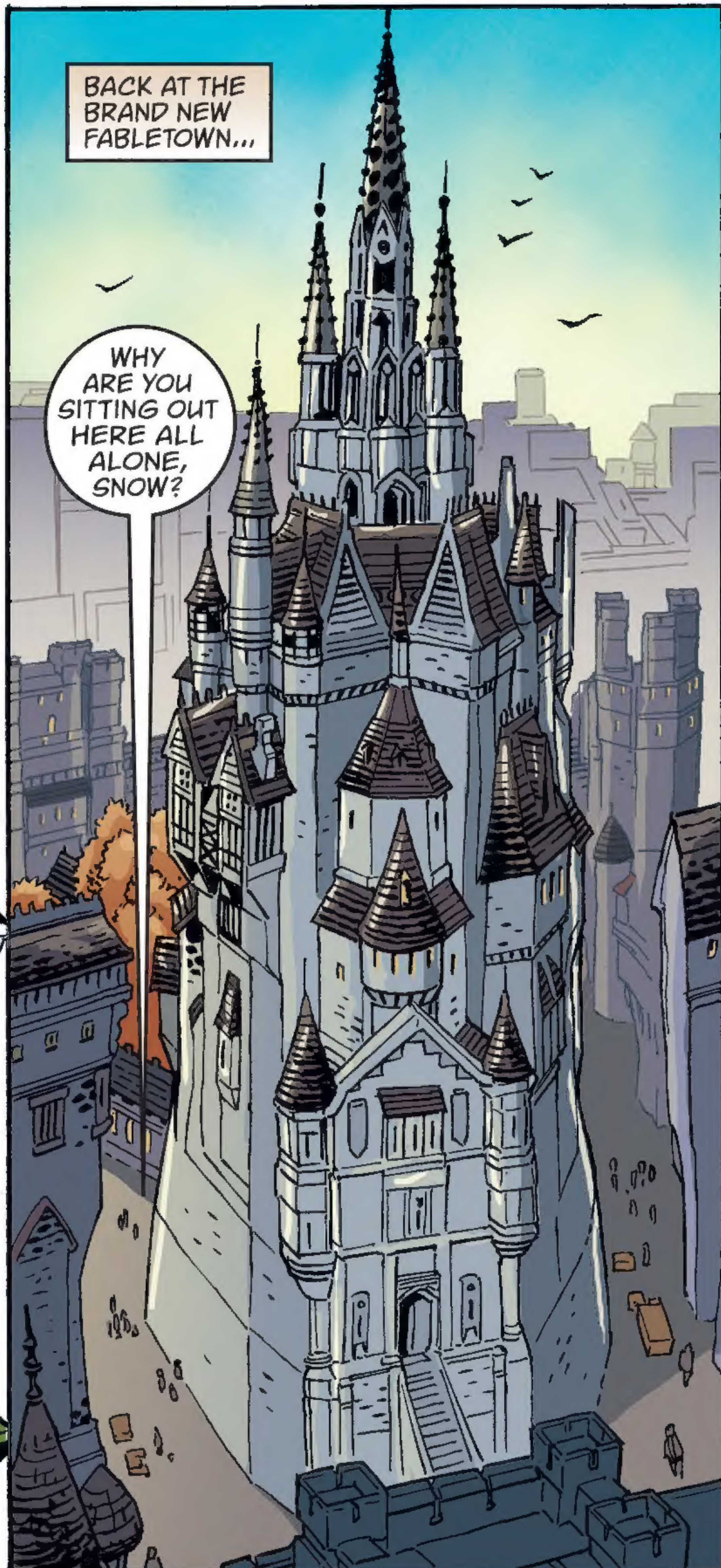
I WAS DRUNK. SHE WAS LOOKING GOOD, AND...WELL... Y'KNOW HOW THINGS ARE. YOU MARRIED OUTSIDE YOUR SPECIES.

THE HEART WANTS WHAT THE HEART WANTS, AM I RIGHT? AND A HOT BABE'S FROTHY LOINS WANT WHAT A HOT BABE'S FROTHY LOINS WANT.



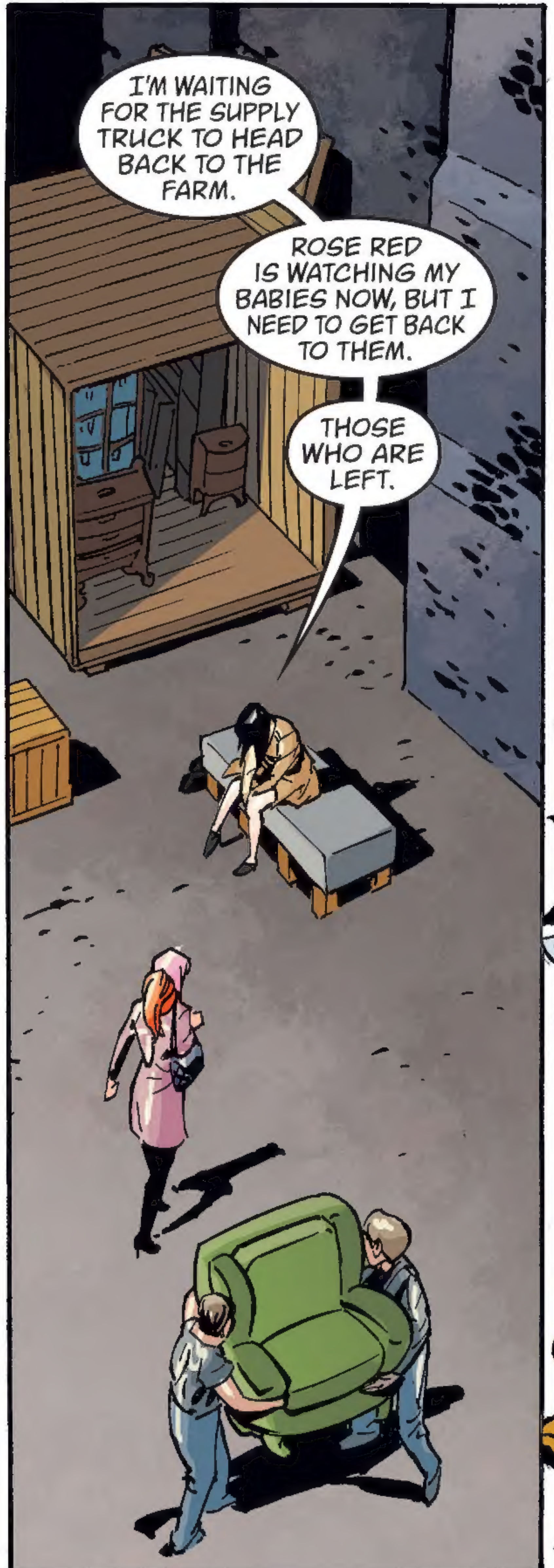
THIS ISN'T A ROAD TRIP, BADGER. IT'S A SEARCH FOR MY TWO MISSING CUBS.

NOW LET'S START THE DRIVING LESSONS. I WANT TO BE ABLE TO CONTINUE THE QUEST ON MY OWN AFTER I STRANGLE YOU FOR TOO MUCH CHATTER.



BACK AT THE BRAND NEW FABLETOWN...

WHY ARE YOU SITTING OUT HERE ALL ALONE, SNOW?



I'M WAITING FOR THE SUPPLY TRUCK TO HEAD BACK TO THE FARM.

ROSE RED IS WATCHING MY BABIES NOW, BUT I NEED TO GET BACK TO THEM.

THOSE WHO ARE LEFT.

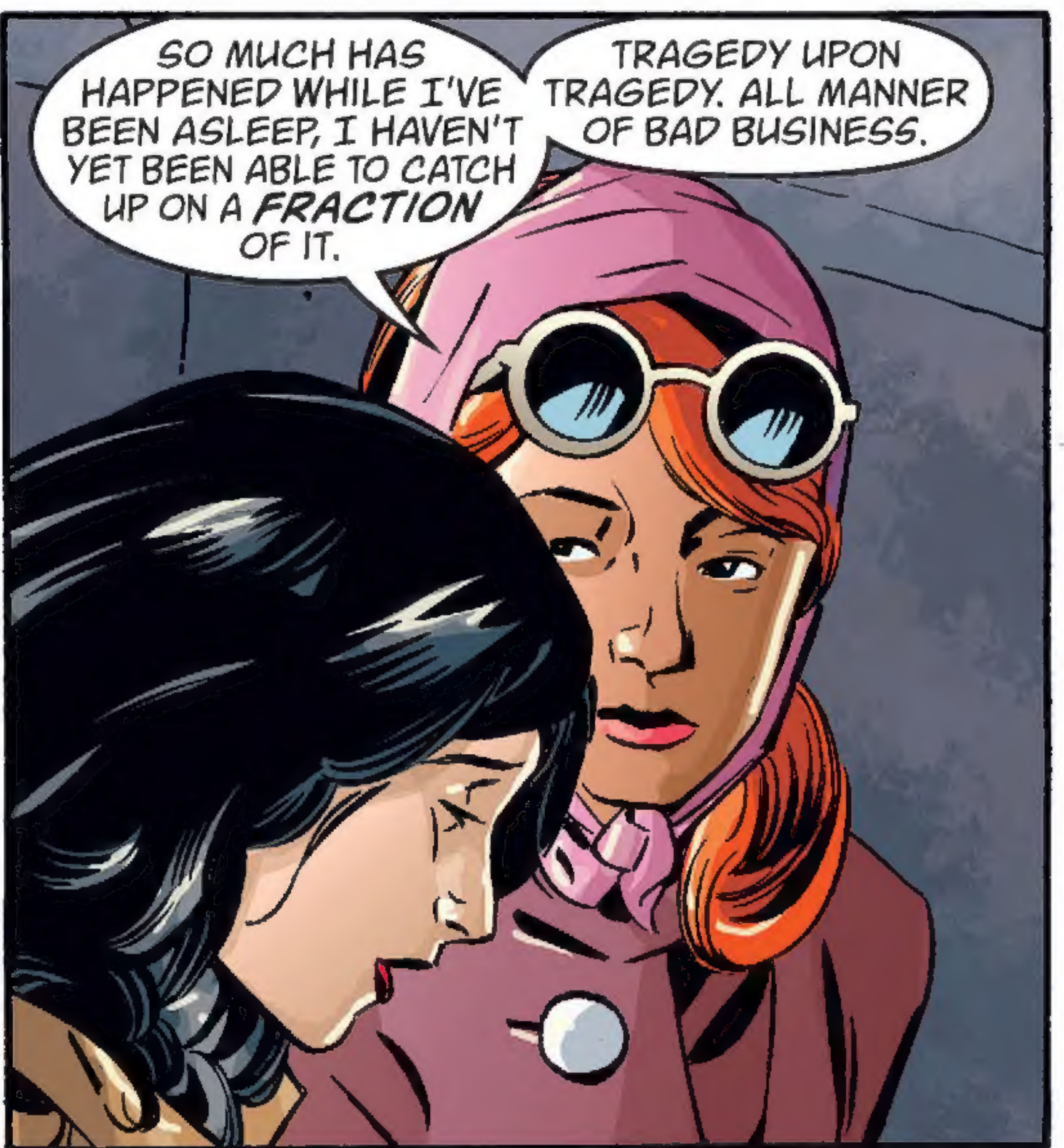


THEY NEED THEIR MOMMY.

WELL, YOU CAN'T SIT OUT HERE ALL ALONE.

SCOOT.

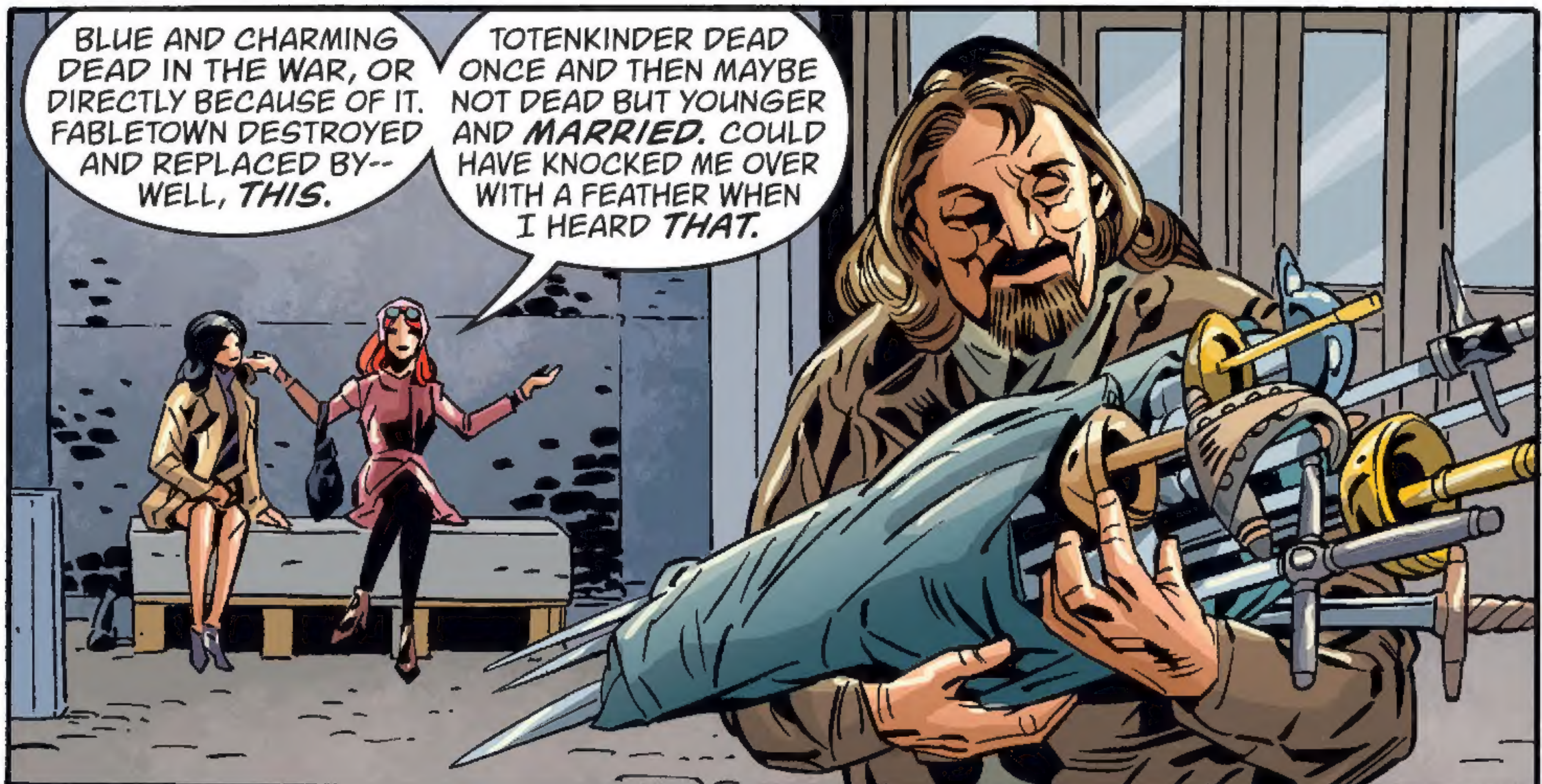
MAKE SOME ROOM.



SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED WHILE I'VE BEEN ASLEEP, I HAVEN'T YET BEEN ABLE TO CATCH UP ON A FRACTION OF IT.

TRAGEDY UPON TRAGEDY. ALL MANNER OF BAD BUSINESS.





BLUE AND CHARMING DEAD IN THE WAR, OR DIRECTLY BECAUSE OF IT. FABLETOWN DESTROYED AND REPLACED BY-- WELL, *THIS*.

TOTENKINDER DEAD ONCE AND THEN MAYBE NOT DEAD BUT YOUNGER AND *MARRIED*. COULD HAVE KNOCKED ME OVER WITH A FEATHER WHEN I HEARD *THAT*.



AND TWO MISSING KIDS. DON'T FORGET THAT.

NO, OF COURSE NOT. I'M NOT TRYING TO *DIMINISH* WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH.



BIGBY *WILL* FIND THEM. THAT NEW CAR OF MINE IS AMAZING. IT CAN GO ANYWHERE.

IF I WERE LOST AND IN NEED OF RESCUE, BIGBY'S THE *ONE PERSON* IN ALL OF THE ENDLESS WORLDS I'D WANT LOOKING FOR ME.



I NEED TO BE HOME, IN CASE THEY'RE TRYING TO REACH ME THERE.

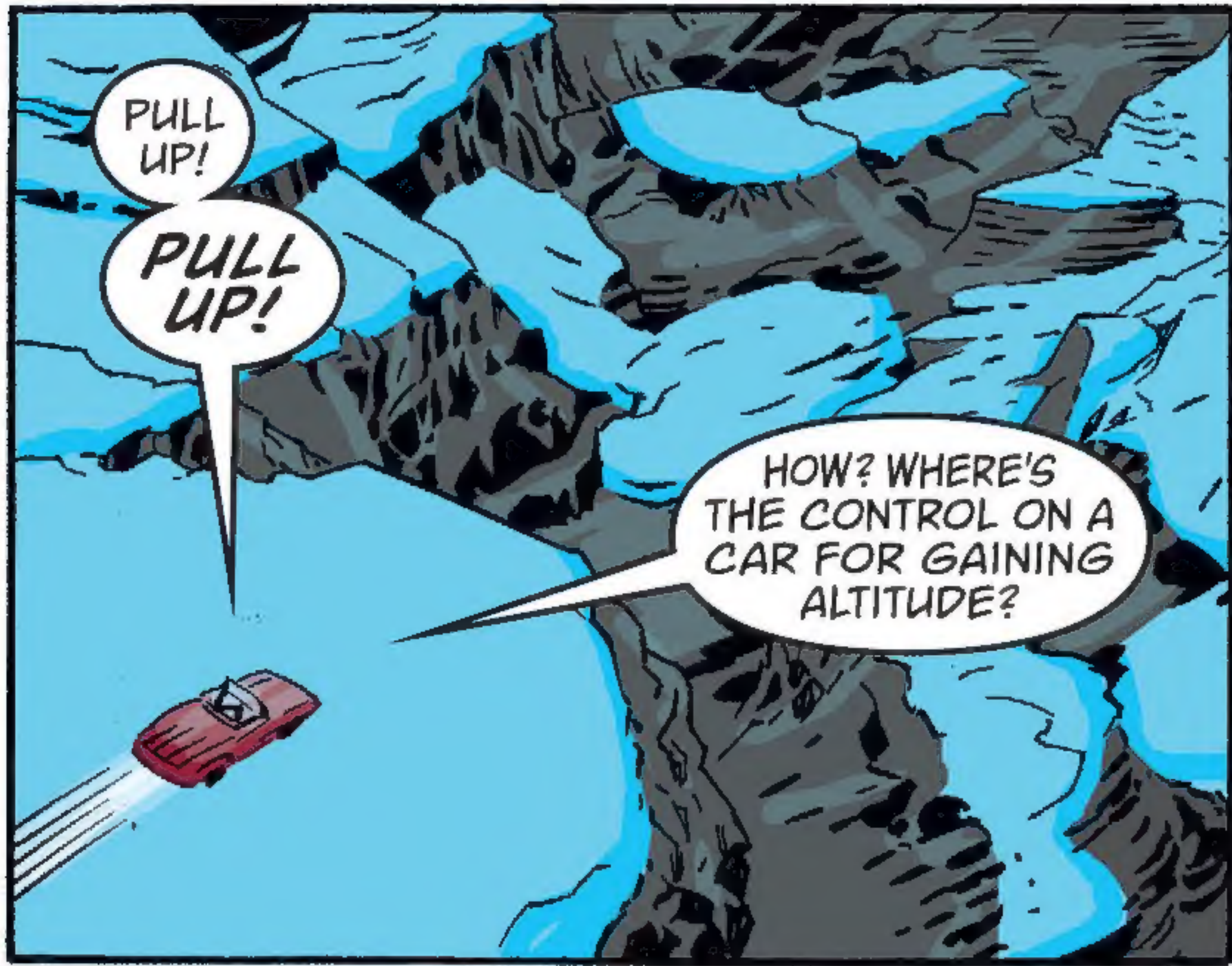
THEN HOME YOU SHALL BE. IT'S STUPID WAITING AROUND FOR THAT DIRTY OLD DELIVERY TRUCK WHEN I CAN JUST GIVE YOU MY CAR.



EXCEPT THAT YOU ALREADY GAVE IT TO BIGBY.

RIGHT, SO I'LL BUY A *NEW* ONE. I ONLY NEED TO SCRAPE TOGETHER ENOUGH CASH TO BUY A SINGLE LOTTERY TICKET AND I'LL BE RICH AGAIN BY THIS EVENING.

AS LONG AS I'M ETERNALLY BLESSED WITH WEALTH, I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER USE FOR IT.



PULL UP!

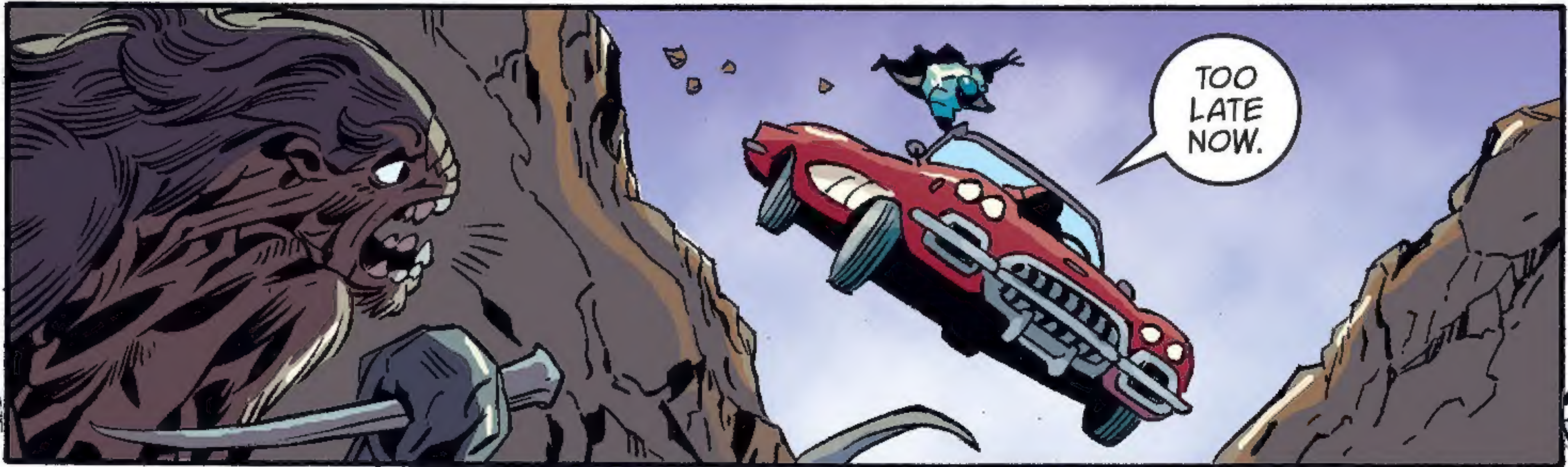
PULL UP!

HOW? WHERE'S THE CONTROL ON A CAR FOR GAINING ALTITUDE?

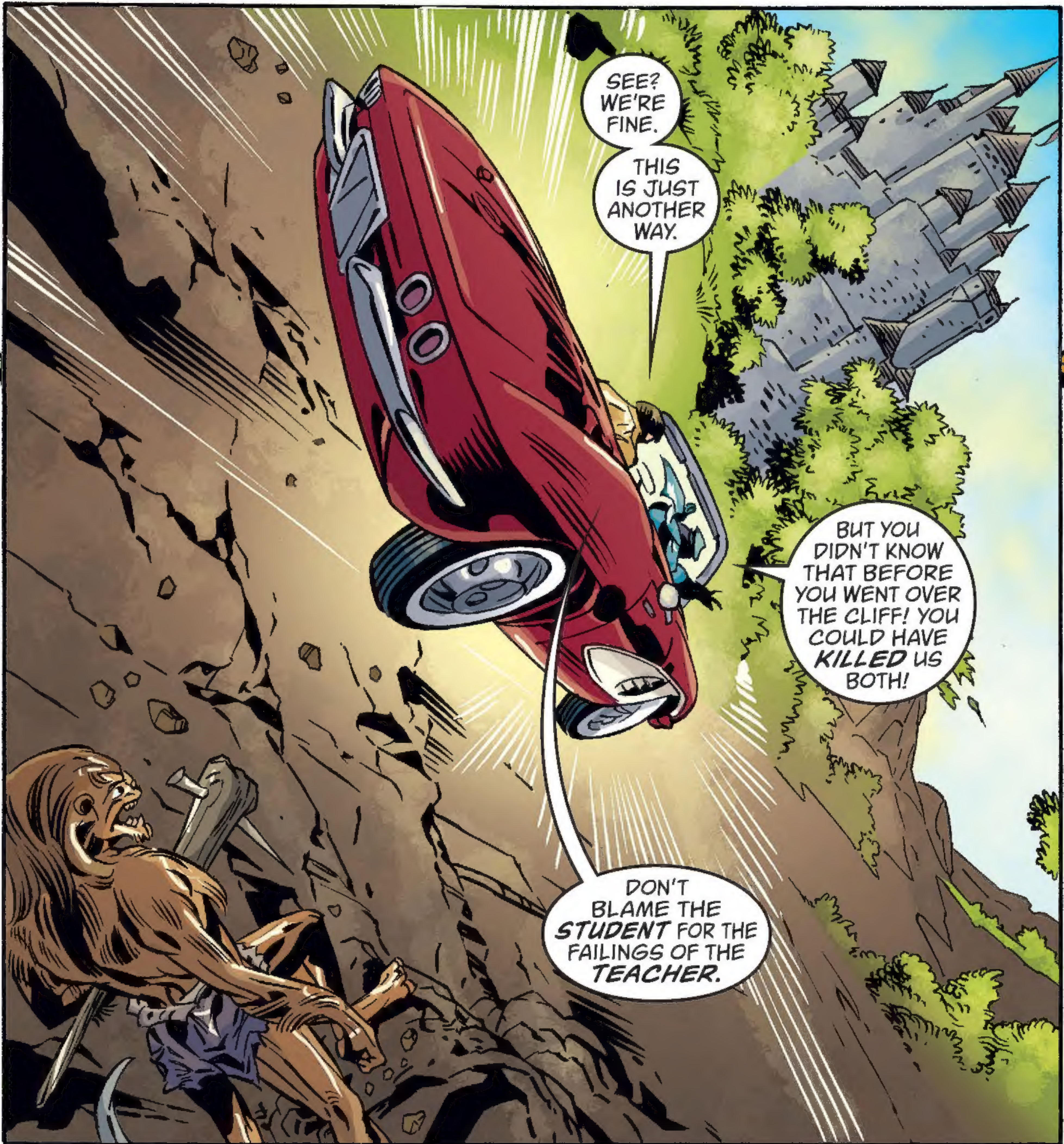


WELL, THERE ISN'T ONE, PER SE, BUT DO IT ANYWAY!

YOU'RE SENDING US OVER A PRECIPICE! I CAN'T DO A THELMA AND LOUISE ENDING!



TOO LATE NOW.



SEE? WE'RE FINE.

THIS IS JUST ANOTHER WAY.

BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT BEFORE YOU WENT OVER THE CLIFF! YOU COULD HAVE KILLED US BOTH!

DON'T BLAME THE STUDENT FOR THE FAILINGS OF THE TEACHER.



I'M BEGINNING TO GET IT BACK.

THE OLD SKILLS.



MISTER DARK FIRST LURED ME INTO HIS SERVICE BY ENLISTING ME AS THE CASTLE'S FENCING MASTER.

OH, CERTAINLY I GOT A CREEPY FEELING ABOUT HIM, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN POLITICAL, AND EVERY PROPER ESTATE DOES NEED ITS FENCING MASTER, RIGHT?

HOW WOULD I KNOW? I NEVER HAD MUCH TO DO WITH CASTLES.



I WAS BASICALLY A BRIDGE TROLL UNTIL I CROSSED OVER TO THE MUNDY WORLD.

WELL, TRUST ME, SQUIRE GRIMBLE. IT WOULD BE A SCANDAL NOT TO HAVE ONE.



I NEED MORE THAN THIS, THOUGH.

A THOUSAND PRACTICE LUNGES A DAY ARE HELPING ME GET MY LEGS AND WRIST BACK, BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH.



I NEED AN OPPONENT-- ONE WORTHY OF MY METTLE.

WHO'S THE BEST SWORDSMAN IN FABLETOWN?



THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN PRINCE CHARMING--NO QUESTION OF IT. BUT HE DIED IN THE WAR.

I'D THINK BLUEBEARD WAS NEXT BEST, BUT HE DIED TOO.



BOY BLUE COULD HOLD HIS OWN, ESPECIALLY WITH THE VORPAL SWORD, BUT--

LET ME GUESS. HE'S DEAD?



YUP. ARE ALL THE HEROES OF FABLETOWN DEAD? ARE YOU PEOPLE THAT UNLUCKY?

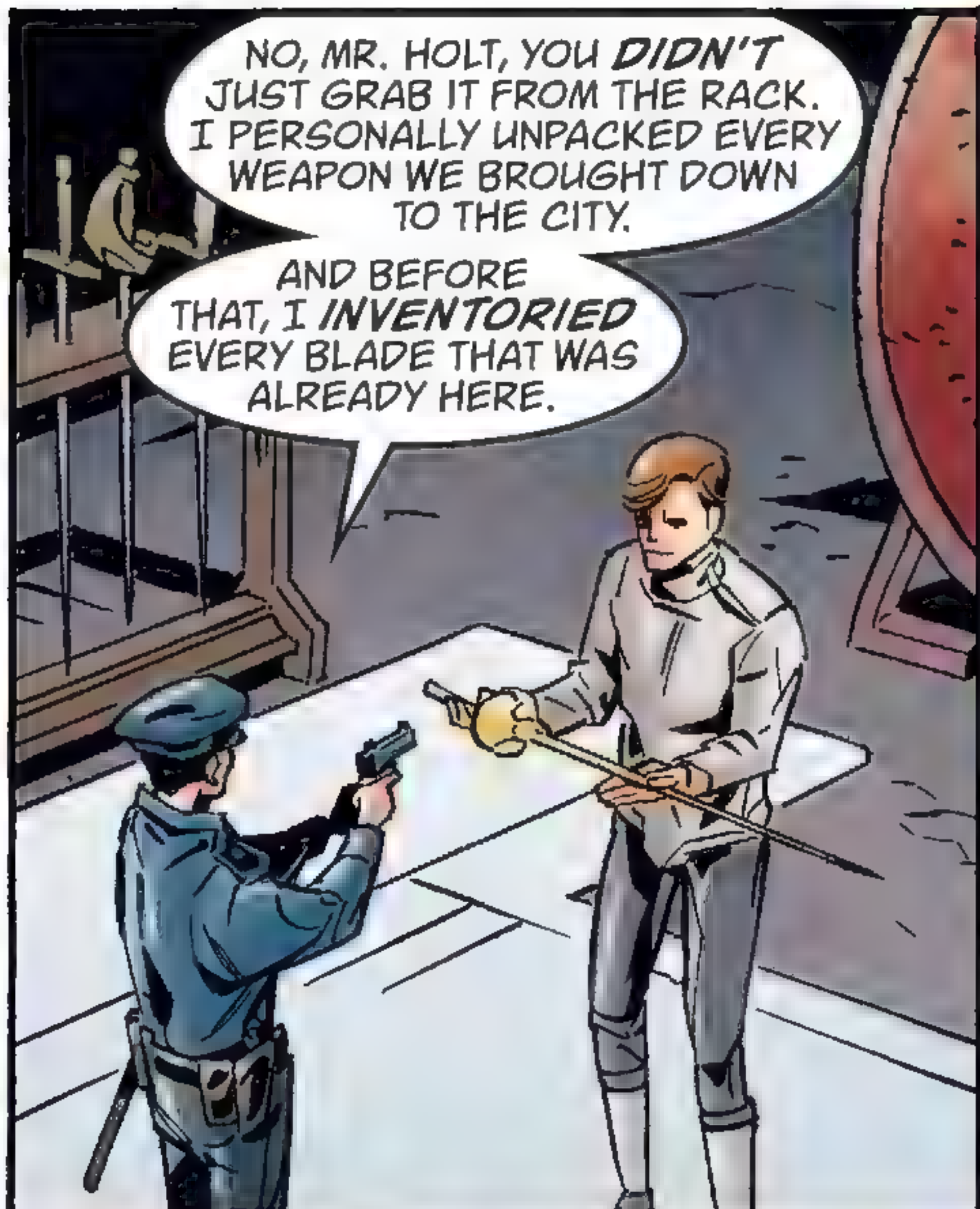
NEVER MIND. LET'S NOT GET DISTRACTED FROM OUR PURPOSE. WHO'S THE BEST LIVING SWORDSMAN IN THE COMMUNITY?



YOU GOT ME THERE.

CINDERELLA MAYBE?





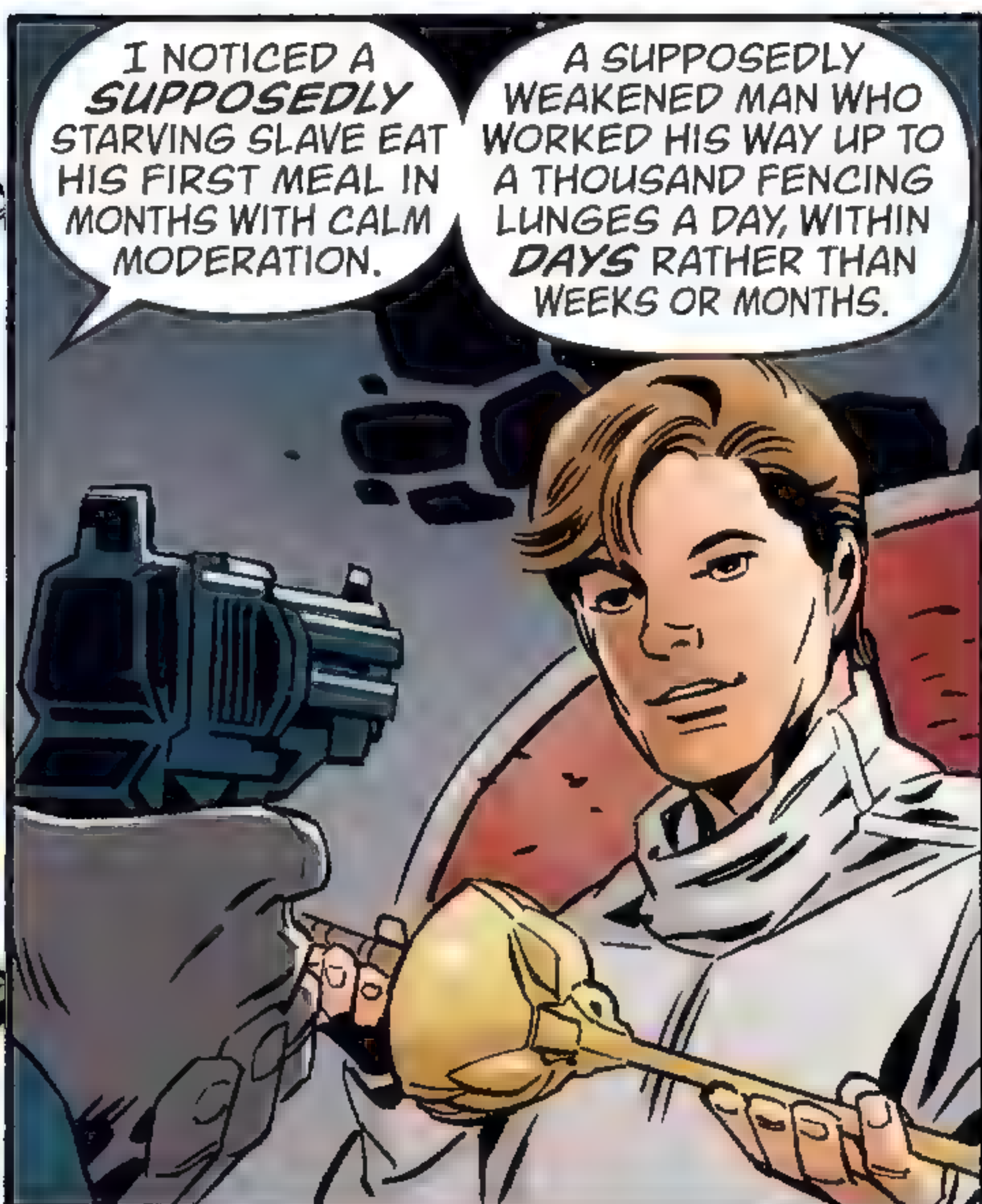
NO, MR. HOLT, YOU *DIDN'T* JUST GRAB IT FROM THE RACK. I PERSONALLY UNPACKED EVERY WEAPON WE BROUGHT DOWN TO THE CITY.

AND BEFORE THAT, I *INVENTORIED* EVERY BLADE THAT WAS ALREADY HERE.



THAT THING *WASN'T* AMONG THEM.

FOLKS DON'T THINK I NOTICE MUCH, BUT I DO. I NOTICE *EVERY-THING*.



I NOTICED A *SUPPOSEDLY* STARVING SLAVE EAT HIS FIRST MEAL IN MONTHS WITH CALM MODERATION.

A SUPPOSEDLY WEAKENED MAN WHO WORKED HIS WAY UP TO A THOUSAND FENCING LUNGES A DAY, WITHIN *DAYS* RATHER THAN WEEKS OR MONTHS.



NEED I GO ON?

BRAVO. YOU FOUND ME OUT.

CARE TO TELL ME WHAT YOUR GAME IS?



NOT JUST YET.



WHAT DID YOU--?

--NEVER EVEN HAD TIME TO--

I KNOW. ASTOUNDING, ISN'T IT?



THOSE UNSCHOOLED IN THIS MOST ELEGANT OF MARTIAL ARTS SELDOM REALIZE HOW MUCH DISTANCE A MASTER SWORDSMAN CAN CROSS IN A SINGLE LUNGE.

ENTIRELY MY FAULT YOU CAUGHT ON TO ME.

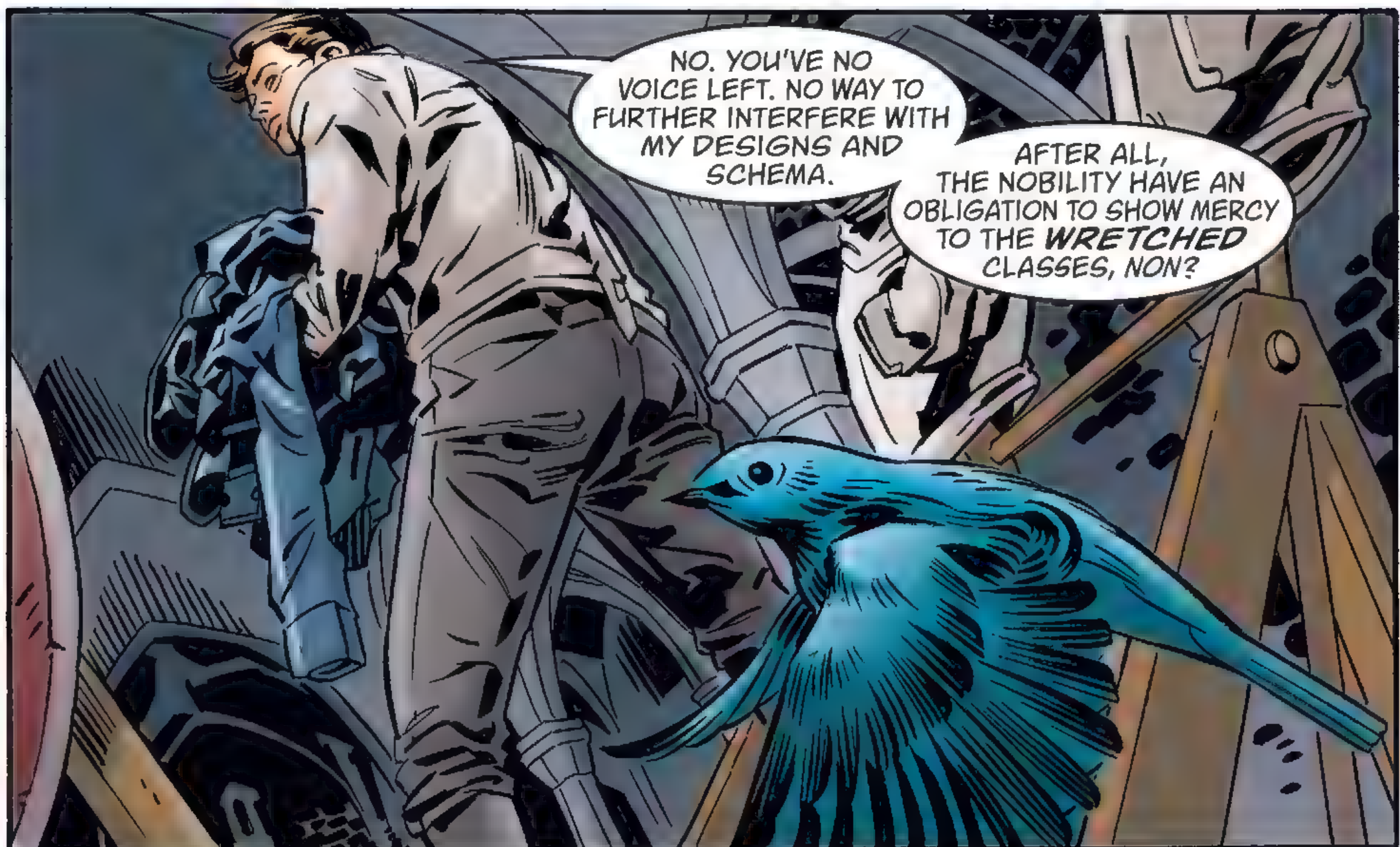


I SHOULDN'T HAVE DRAWN MY OWN SPECIAL BLADE FROM ITS ETHEREAL SCABBARD--NOT UNTIL I WAS PREPARED TO USE IT IN *EARNEST*-- BUT I COULDN'T RESIST.

I MISSED PRACTICING WITH IT.



NOW, SHOULD I *CRUSH* YOU AND END YOUR SAD, TINY LIFE?



NO. YOU'VE NO VOICE LEFT. NO WAY TO FURTHER INTERFERE WITH MY DESIGNS AND SCHEMA.

AFTER ALL, THE NOBILITY HAVE AN OBLIGATION TO SHOW MERCY TO THE *WRETCHED* CLASSES, NON?



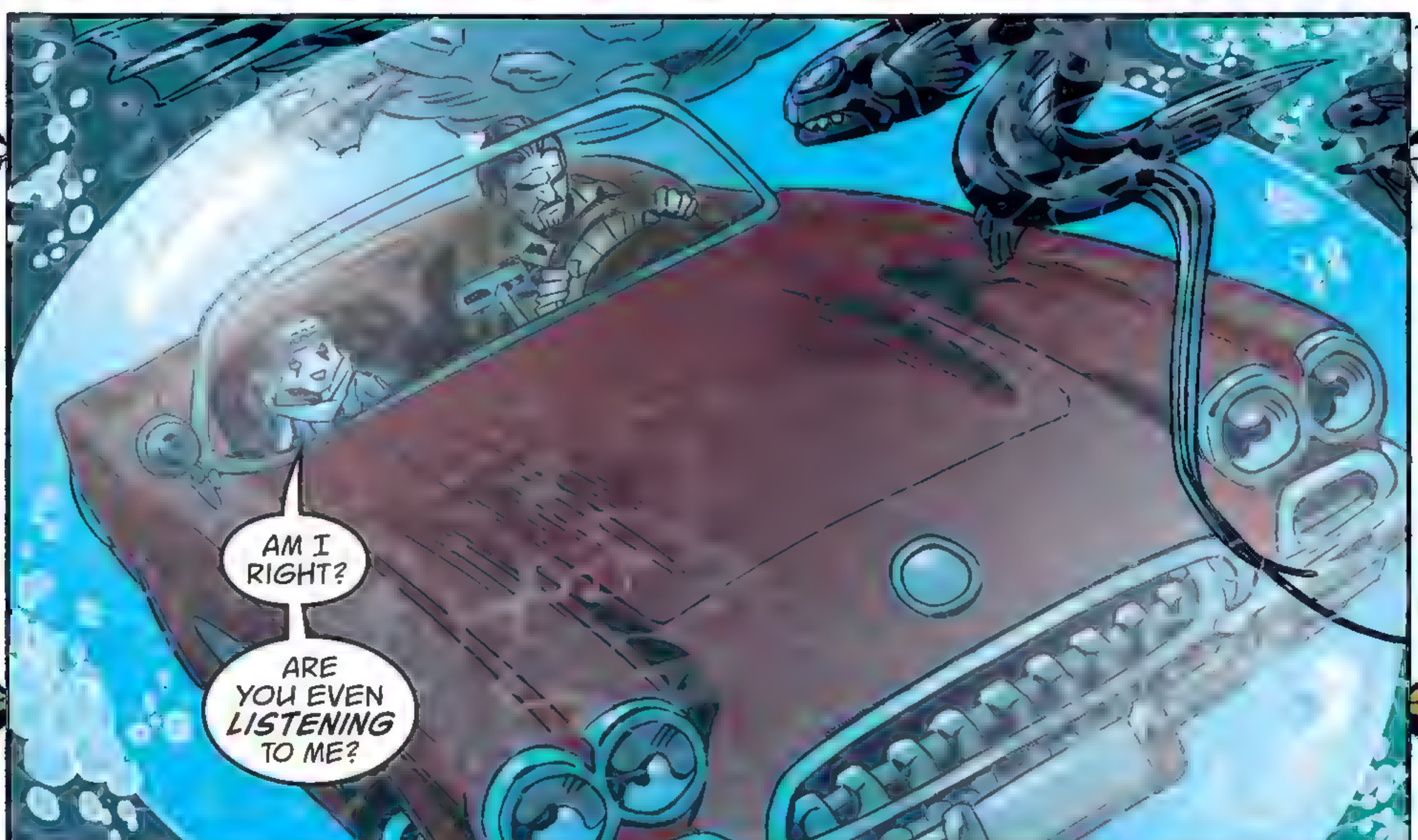
YOU'RE COMING ALONG NICELY, PAL.

MAY EVEN BE A NATURAL AT THIS.



OF COURSE, PILOTING A CAR THAT CAN GO ANYWHERE IS A FAR CRY FROM DRIVING A BIG TRACTOR, FOR EXAMPLE, THAT HAS TO STAY IN A VERY NARROW FURROW.

OR RISK DESTROYING THE CROPS, Y'KNOW?



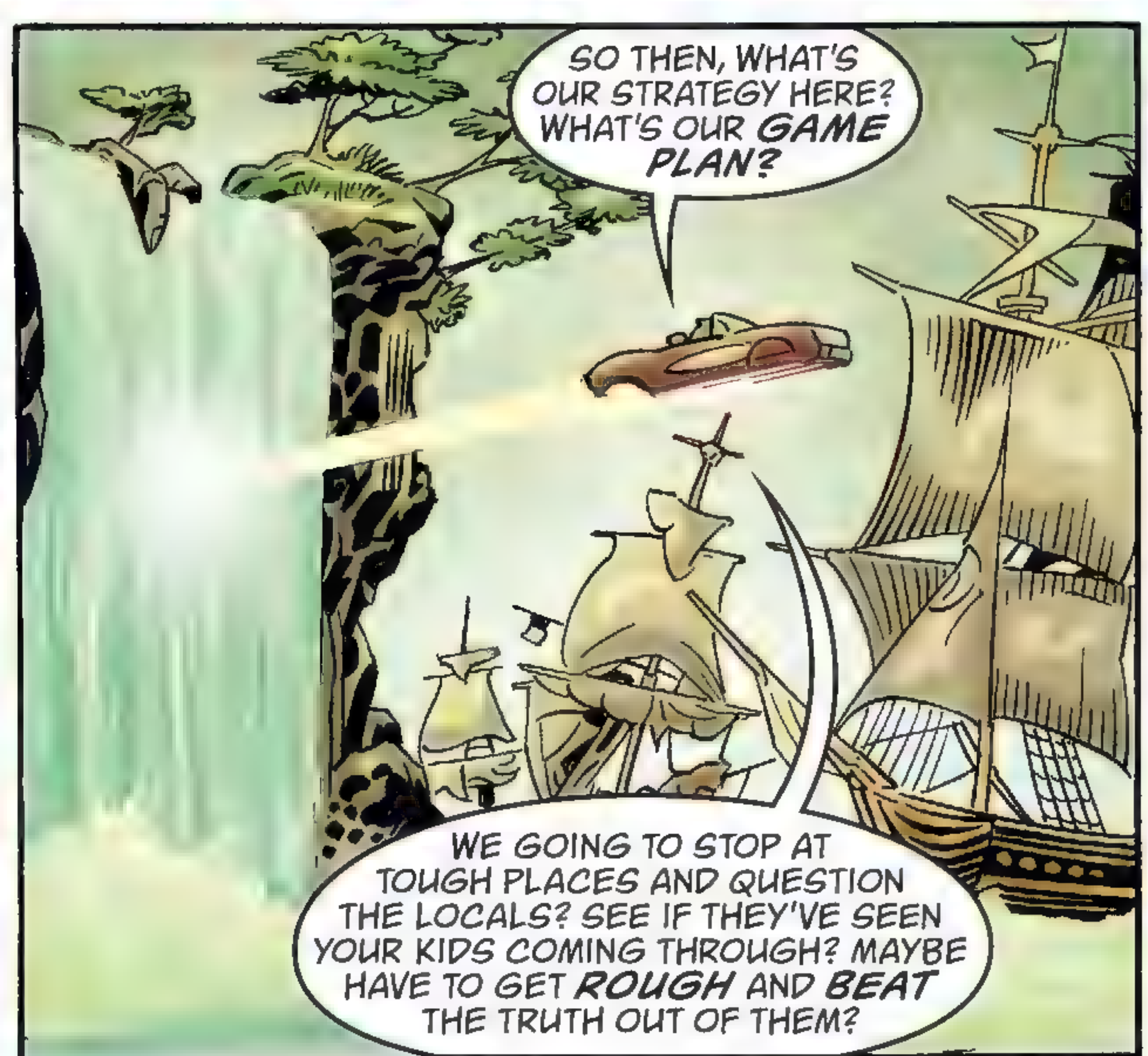
AM I RIGHT?

ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?



YEAH, HANGING ON EVERY WORD.

FURROW. CROPS. TRACTOR.



SO THEN, WHAT'S OUR STRATEGY HERE? WHAT'S OUR GAME PLAN?

WE GOING TO STOP AT TOUGH PLACES AND QUESTION THE LOCALS? SEE IF THEY'VE SEEN YOUR KIDS COMING THROUGH? MAYBE HAVE TO GET ROUGH AND BEAT THE TRUTH OUT OF THEM?





IF IT COMES TO THAT.

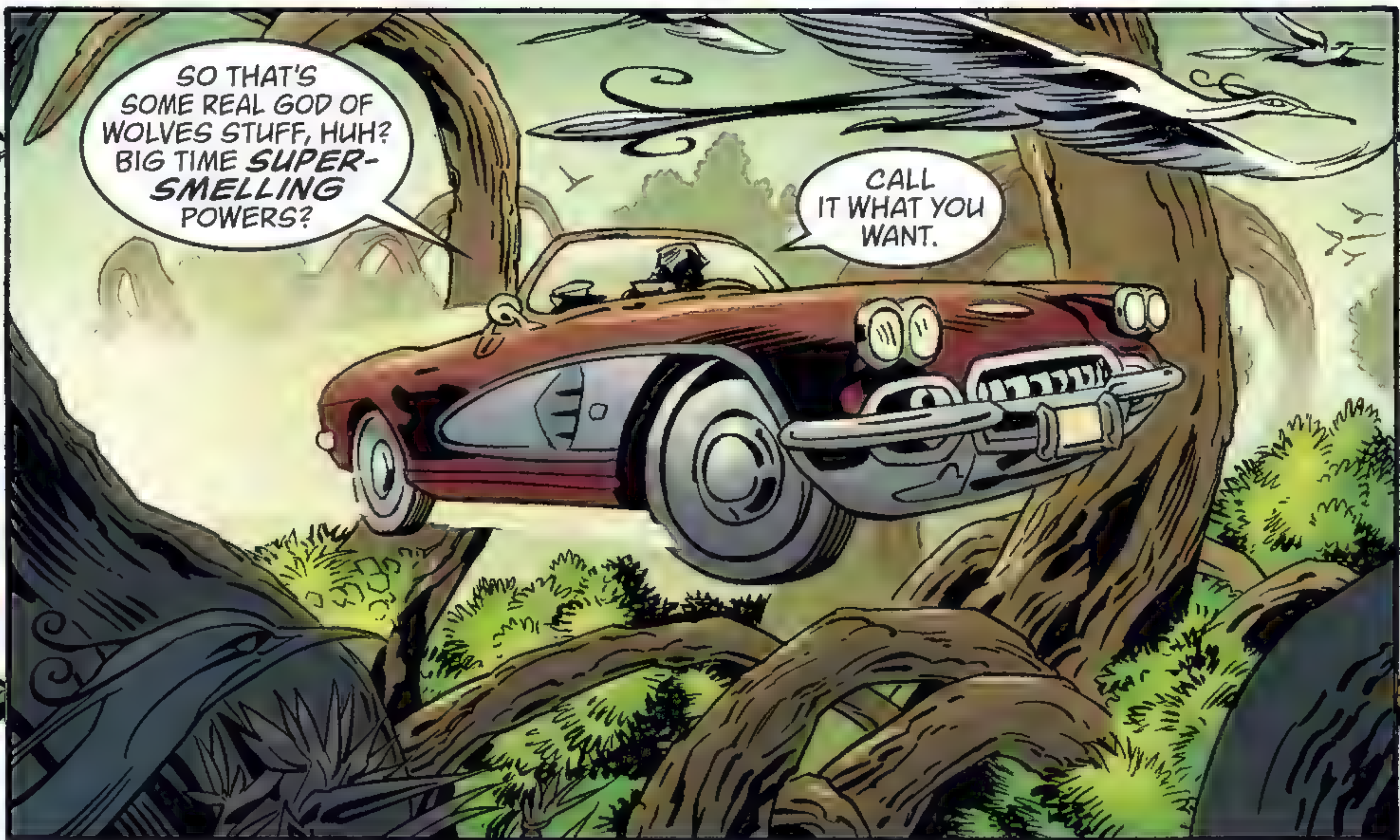
BUT FIRST I'M GOING TO DRIVE HERE AND THERE UNTIL I PICK UP THEIR SCENT.

SERIOUSLY?



ISN'T THAT A BIT OF A LONG SHOT?

IF MY CUBS HAVE BEEN ANYWHERE CLOSE TO WHEREVER WE MIGHT HAPPEN TO PASS, I'LL PICK UP THEIR SCENT. **COUNT** ON IT.



SO THAT'S SOME REAL GOD OF WOLVES STUFF, HUH? BIG TIME **SUPER-SMELLING** POWERS?

CALL IT WHAT YOU WANT.



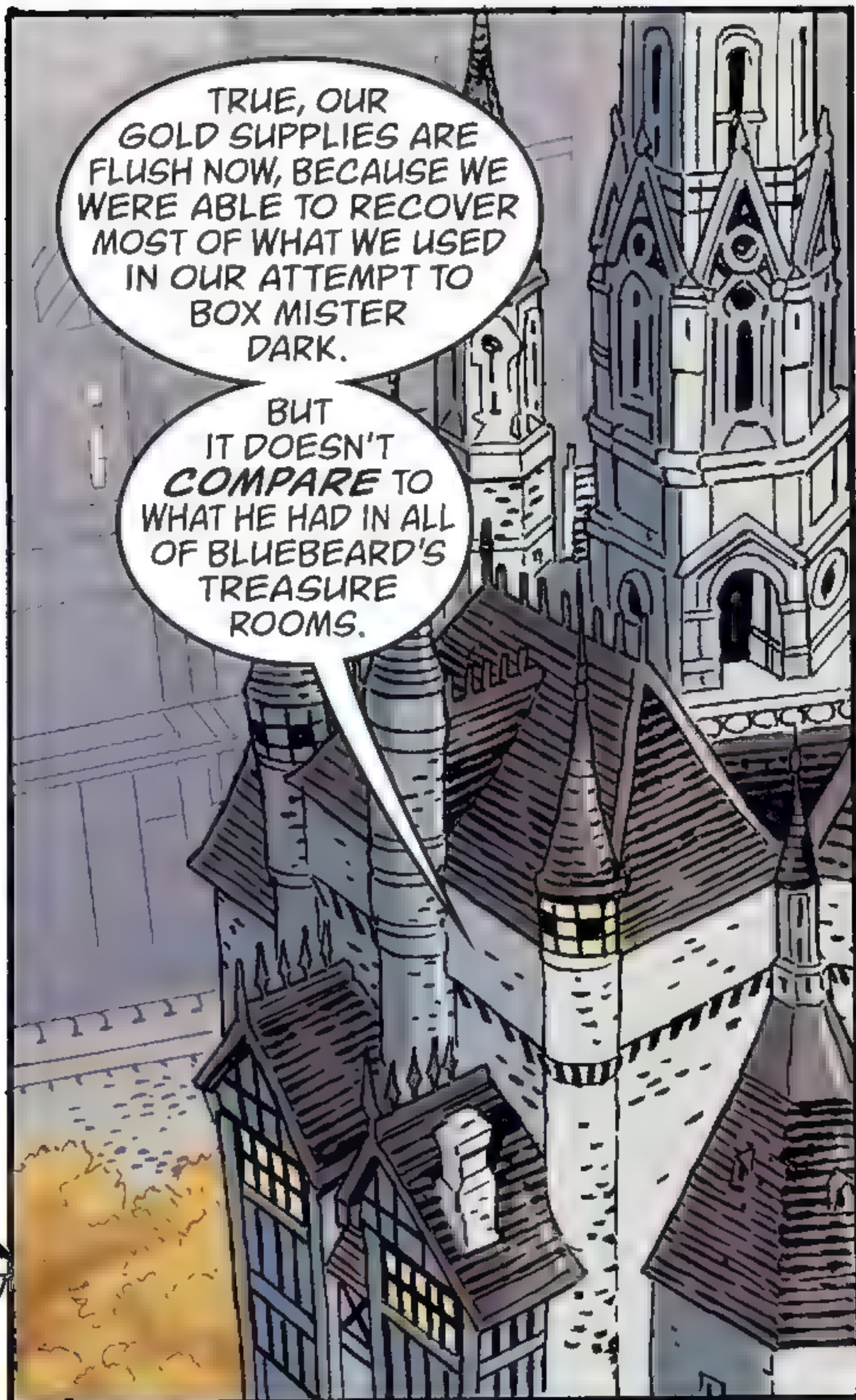
THE GOD OF WOLVES AND THE GOD OF BADGERS ON THE ROAD TOGETHER, ON A NOBLE MISSION. MAYBE EVEN A **SACRED QUEST**.

IN THE MEANTIME WE'LL PROBABLY GET INVOLVED WITH PEOPLE'S LIVES, SOLVE THEIR PROBLEMS-- **THAT** SORT OF THING.



SURE. YOU **DO** THAT, WHILE I CONTINUE THE SEARCH.

I CAN **TRY** TO REMEMBER TO PICK YOU UP ON THE WAY BACK.



TRUE, OUR GOLD SUPPLIES ARE FLUSH NOW, BECAUSE WE WERE ABLE TO RECOVER MOST OF WHAT WE USED IN OUR ATTEMPT TO BOX MISTER DARK.

BUT IT DOESN'T COMPARE TO WHAT HE HAD IN ALL OF BLUEBEARD'S TREASURE ROOMS.



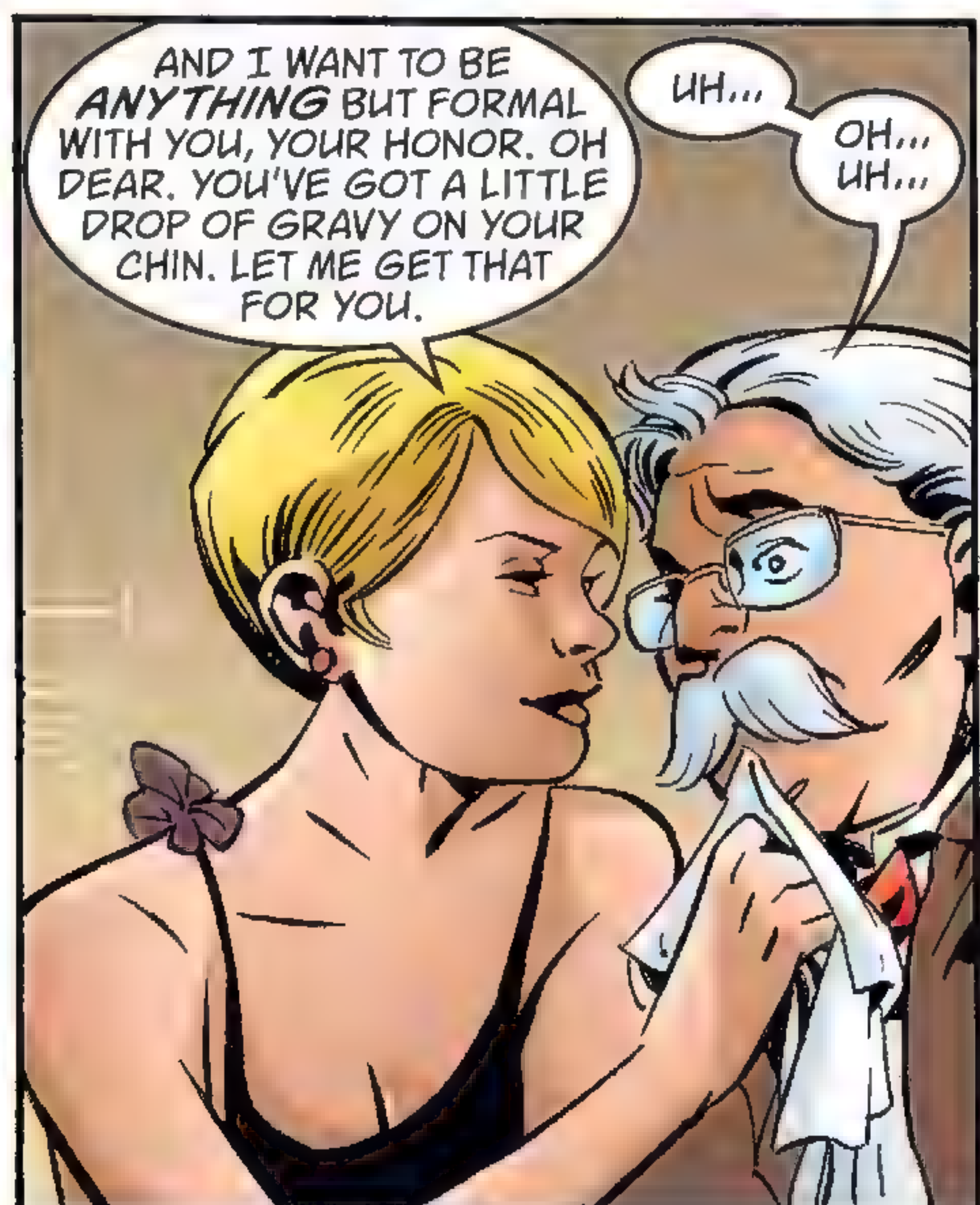
AND SINCE IT'S THE NATURE OF MONEY TO BE SPENT, *ESPECIALLY* WHEN ONE IS TRYING TO REBUILD A GOVERNMENT AND A COMMUNITY FROM THE GROUND UP...

WELL, LET ME TELL YOU, MISS DUGLAS, IT CAN DISAPPEAR FASTER THAN ONE MIGHT EXPECT.



CALL ME LEIGH.

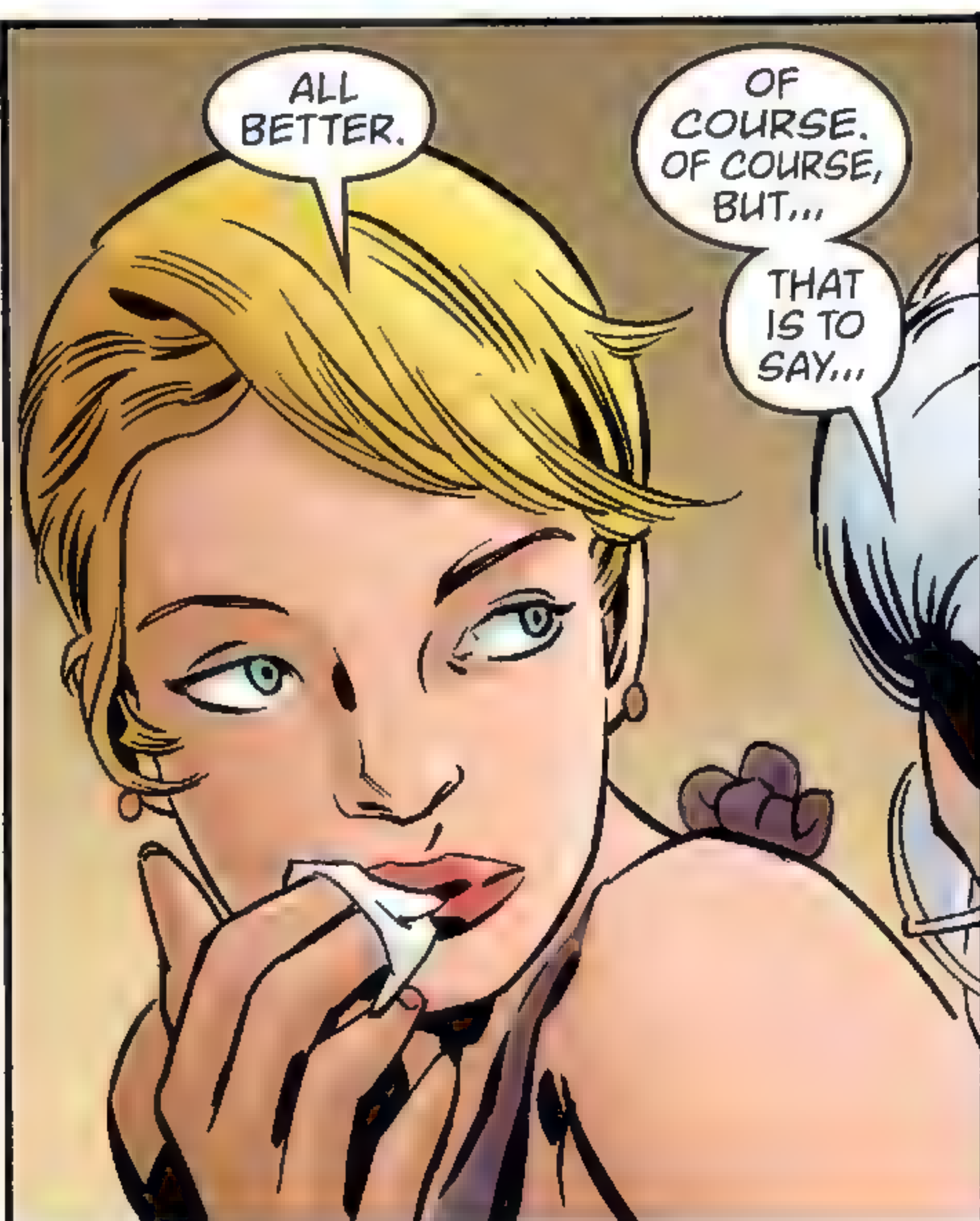
MISS DUGLAS IS SO FORMAL.



AND I WANT TO BE *ANYTHING* BUT FORMAL WITH YOU, YOUR HONOR. OH DEAR. YOU'VE GOT A LITTLE DROP OF GRAVY ON YOUR CHIN. LET ME GET THAT FOR YOU.

UH...

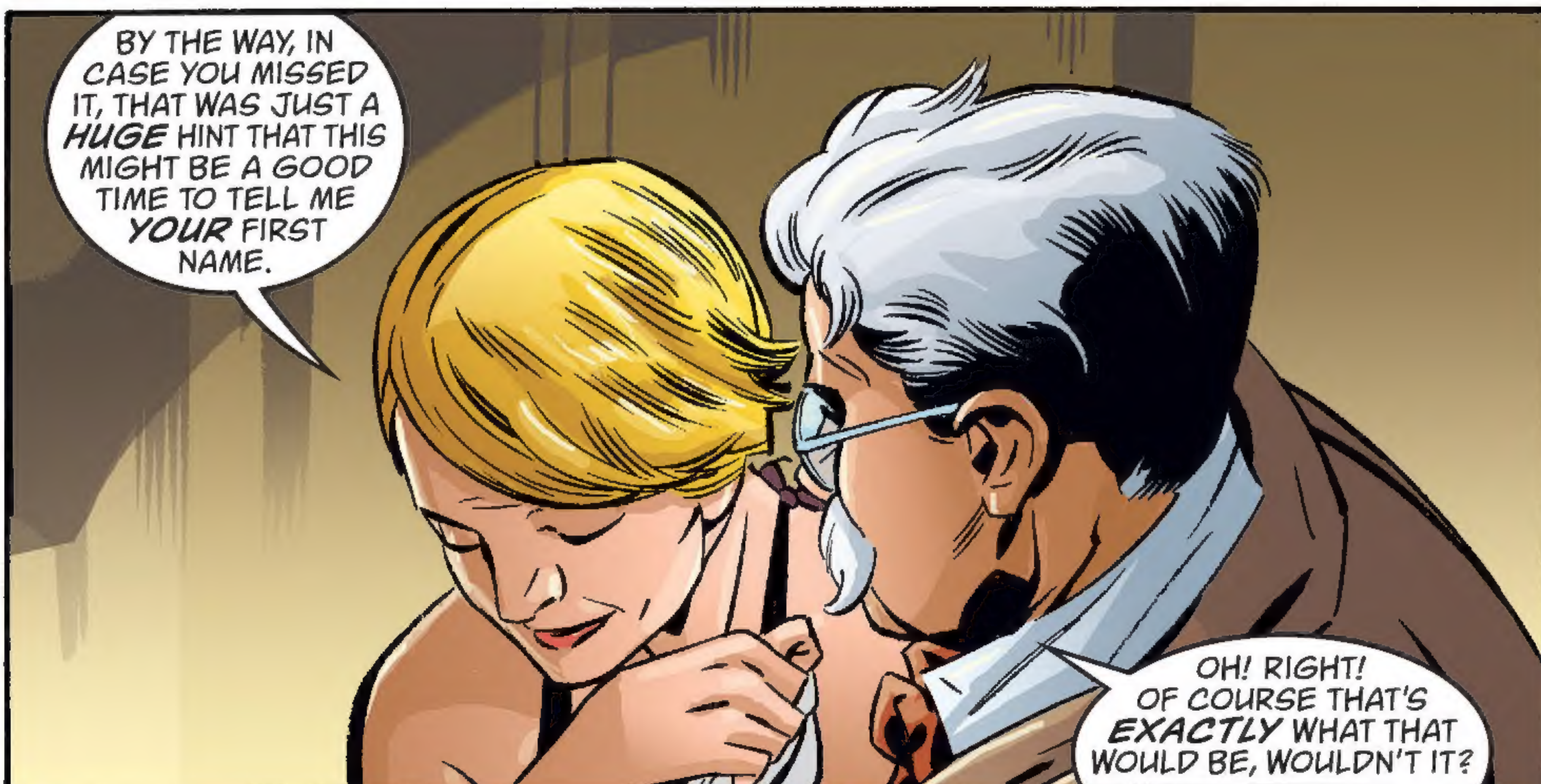
OH... UH...



ALL BETTER.

OF COURSE. OF COURSE, BUT...

THAT IS TO SAY...



BY THE WAY, IN CASE YOU MISSED IT, THAT WAS JUST A **HUGE** HINT THAT THIS MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO TELL ME **YOUR** FIRST NAME.

OH! RIGHT! OF COURSE THAT'S **EXACTLY** WHAT THAT WOULD BE, WOULDN'T IT?



ROBERON. MY NAME IS ROBERON. **ROBER** FOR SHORT.

BUT NO ONE'S CALLED ME BY MY GIVEN NAME FOR SO LONG.



MY WIFE USED TO CALL ME HER **ROBBER BARON**,... Y'KNOW, AS A PET NAME, BACK WHEN I WAS STILL A BARON AND **DOUR** OLD HUGO MARSHBEARD WAS KING.



LOOK AT ME. I'M **BABBLING**.

YOU'RE DOING FINE. AND I ONLY MEANT, SINCE WE'VE BEEN WORKING **SO** CLOSELY TOGETHER TO REESTABLISH FABLETOWN, AND ARE LIKELY TO CONTINUE DOING **SO**,...



RIGHT!

YES!

OF COURSE!

SPEAKING OF WHICH, WE SHOULD GET BACK **DOWNSTAIRS** AND SEE TO THE UNLOADING OF... **WHATEVER'S** BEING UNLOADED.



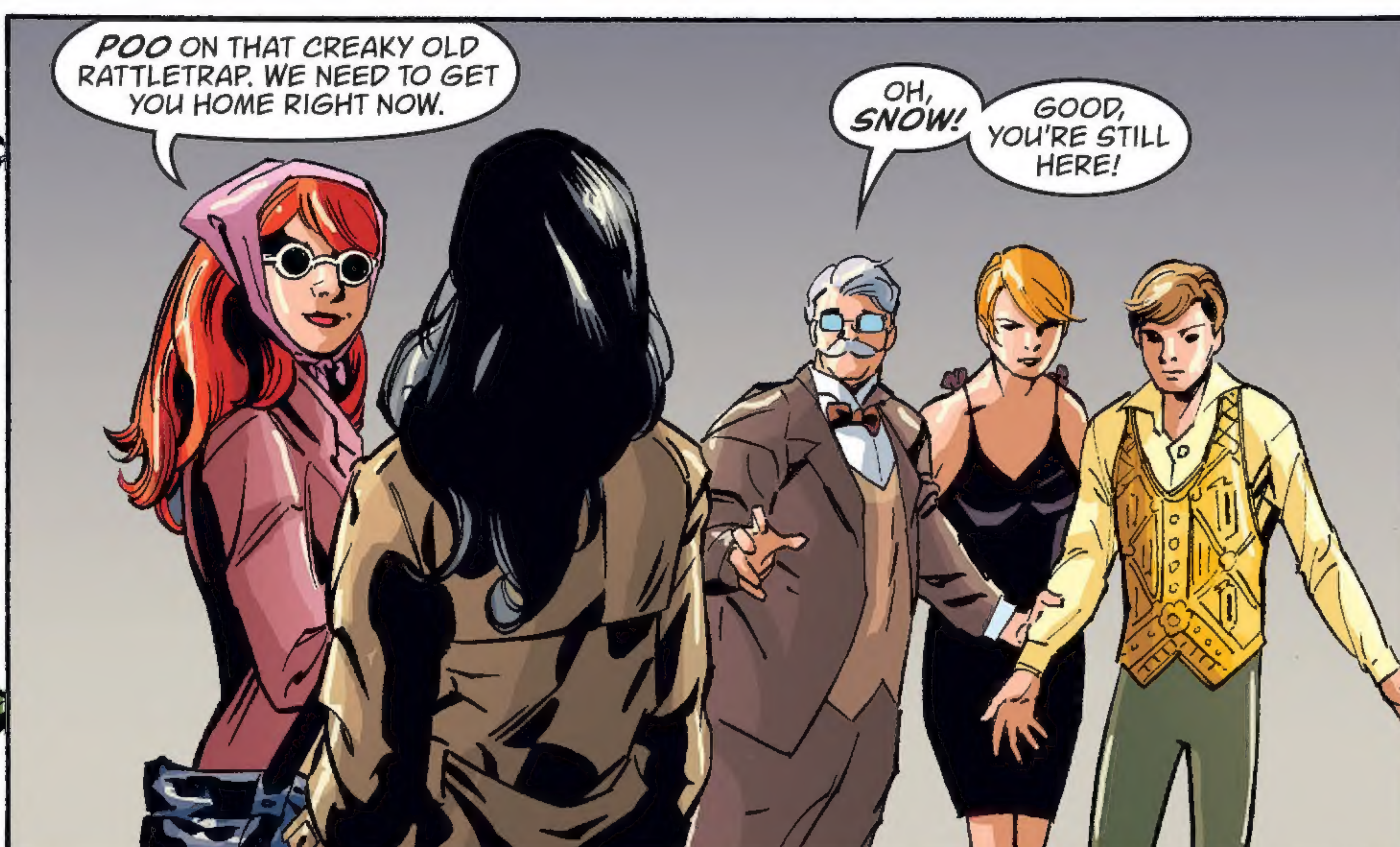
GOOD NEWS, SNOW.

THE LOTTERY JUST ANNOUNCED MY TICKET AS THE *WINNER*. THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO HAVE THE MERCEDES DEALER DELIVER A NEW CAR LICKETY SPLIT.



WE'LL HAVE YOU ON YOUR WAY IN *NO* TIME.

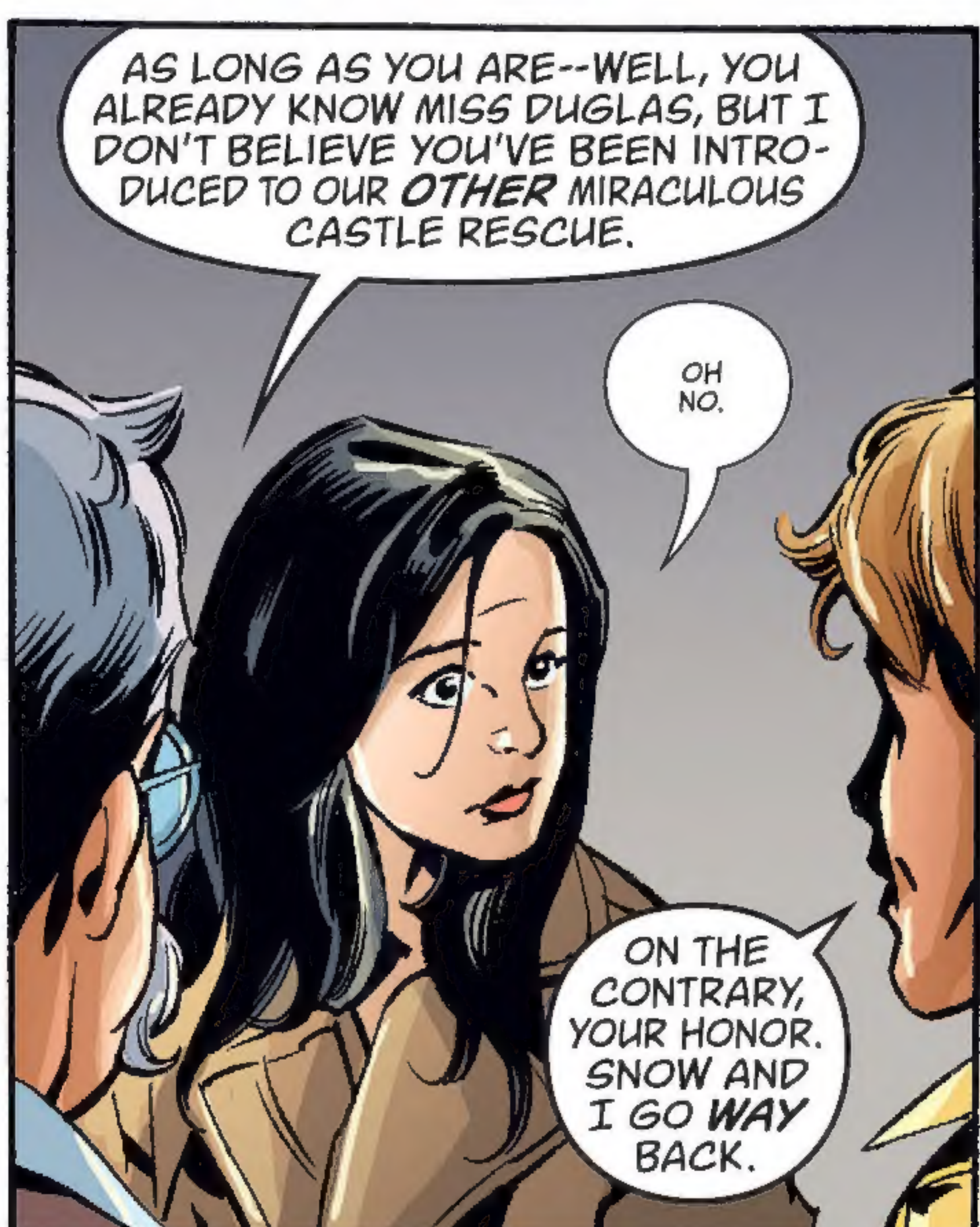
UHM... *THANKS*, OF COURSE, BRIAR, BUT THE FARM TRUCK WOULD HAVE BEEN FINE. IT'S NEARLY READY TO GO.



*POO* ON THAT CREAKY OLD RATTLETRAP. WE NEED TO GET YOU HOME RIGHT NOW.

OH, *SNOW!*

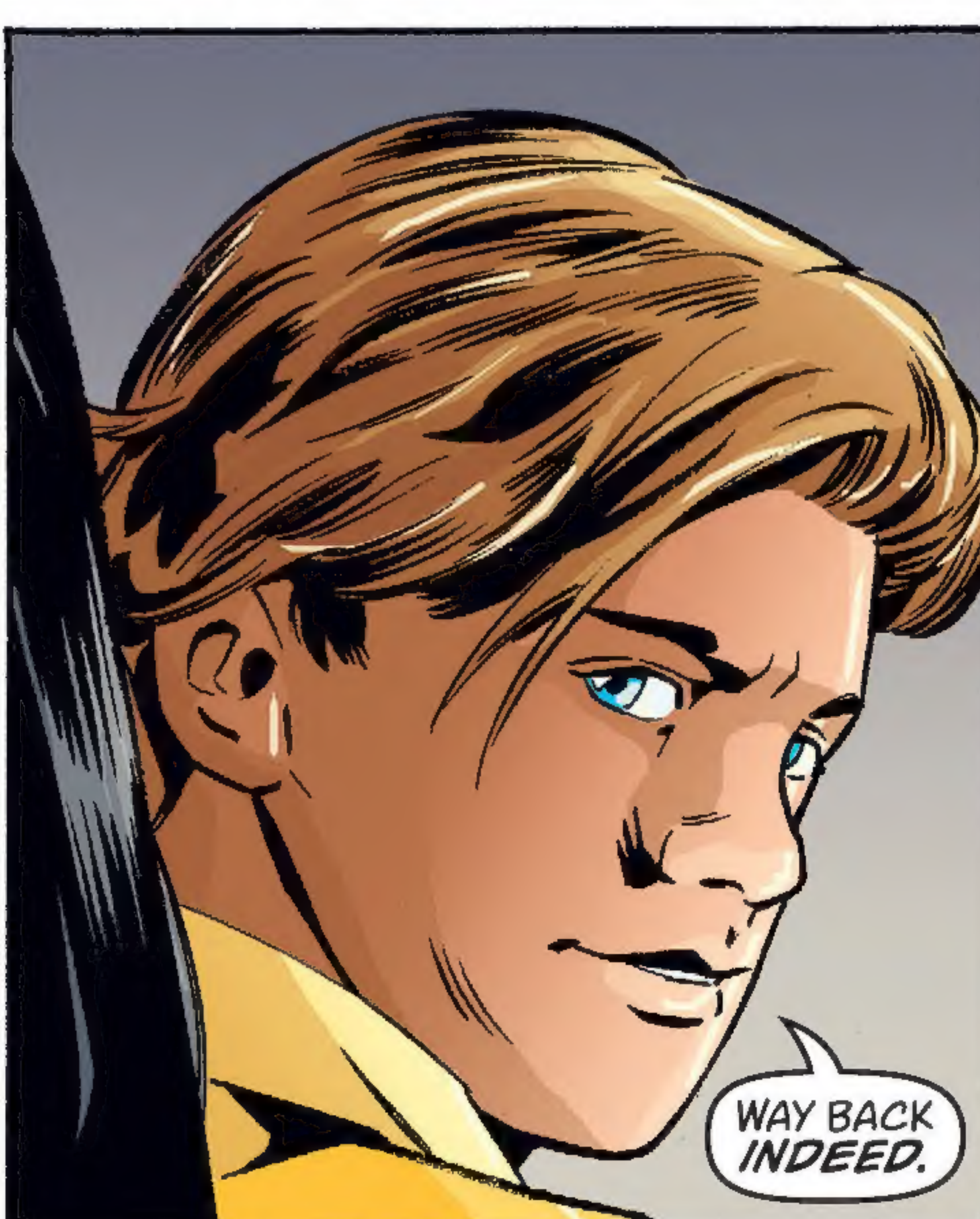
GOOD, YOU'RE STILL HERE!



AS LONG AS YOU ARE--WELL, YOU ALREADY KNOW MISS DUGLAS, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'VE BEEN INTRODUCED TO OUR *OTHER* MIRACULOUS CASTLE RESCUE.

OH NO.

ON THE CONTRARY, YOUR HONOR. SNOW AND I GO *WAY* BACK.



*WAY* BACK INDEED.

**BRANDISH!**

YOUR TRUEST LOVE, MIRACULOUSLY RESTORED TO YOU AFTER AGES OF FORCED SEPARATION.

SNOW?

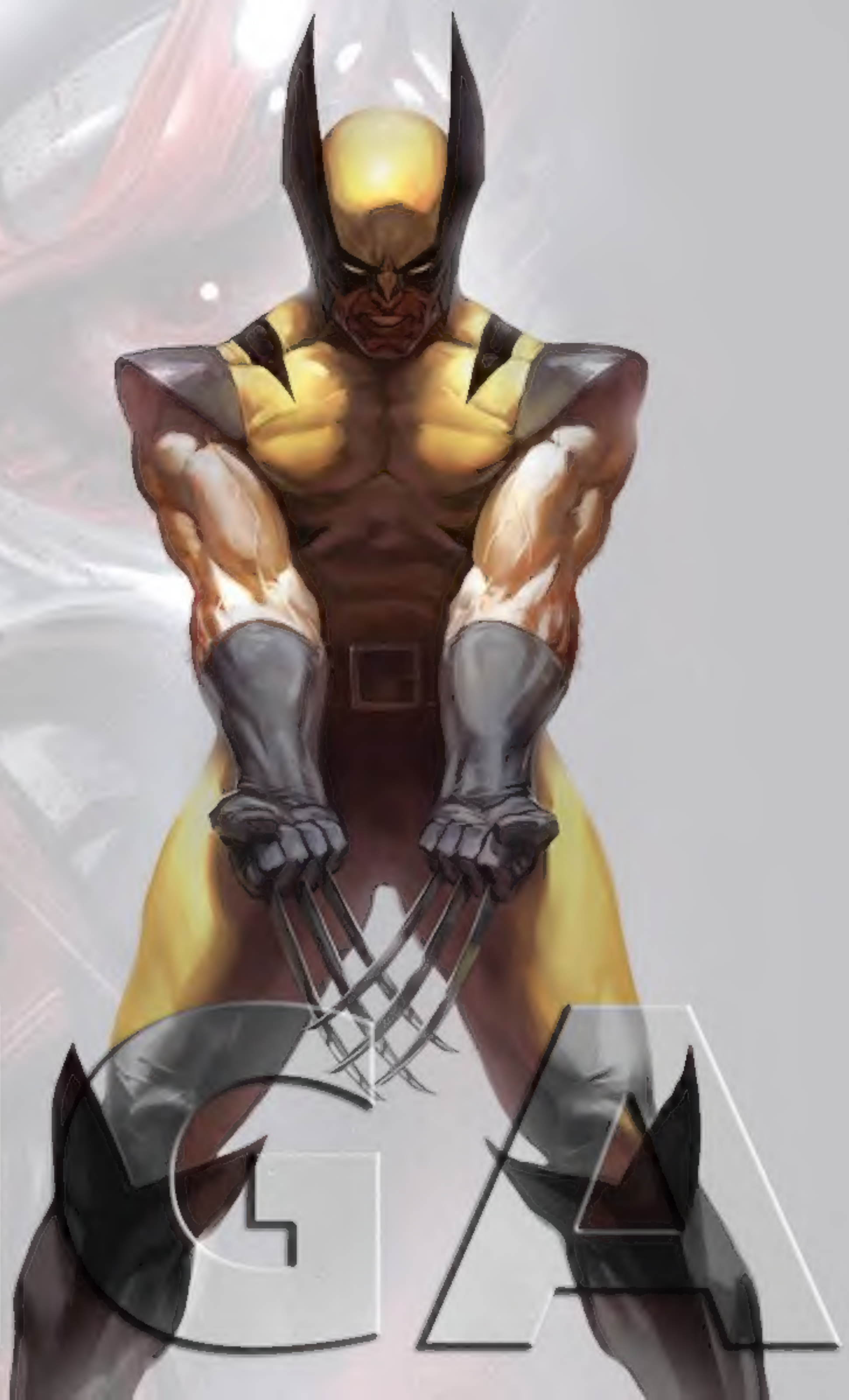
WHAT?!

THE HELL YOU SAY!

NOW THAT I'VE CONFIRMED IT IS INDEED *HER*, MY LITTLE LOST *SNOW*, I CAN REVEAL A SMALL SUBTERFUGE.

MY TRUE SELF IS NONE OTHER THAN *PRINCE BRANDISH* OF CASTLE LANCEDORE, PROTECTOR OF THE GOLDEN REALM, MARSHAL OF THE WEST...

...AND THE FIRST AND ONE *TRUE* HUSBAND TO SNOW WHITE.



NATHAN